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THE

ROYAL GREENS:

—OR, THE—

SCOUT OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

A TALE OF WYOMING.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

DUNBAR, THE SCOUT.

LIARD by Forty Fort, on the Susquehanna river, upon a balmy morning in the summer of 1778, a group of persons, consisting of men of various ages, stood discoursing earnestly. The subject under consideration was obviously of much importance, for every face wore a serious expression, and every word that was uttered appeared to be carefully weighed and its exact import understood. The individuals to whom the reader's attention is cited, were anxiously debating the best means of defending Wyoming Valley, in case that arch tory, Col. John Butler, should lead against their little settlement the malcontents of the Six Nations, together with no less merciless force, with whiter faces but blacker hearts, to be found all about them and among them—loyalists. There were a few persons in the valley who affected to discredit entirely the startling rumors that were daily reaching them through various channels. Of this class were the Lanaways, the Winternoots, and the Scrards—names well remembered in the history of beautiful Wyoming.

By the joint efforts of the residents, several forts had been erected, viz., Ogden, Wyoming, Durkee, Jenkins and Fort Forty. Just above the latter, Fort Wintermoot had been erected by the influence of the family bearing that name. Besides these fortifications, or stockades, there was a small fort on Monockonock Island.

The reader unacquainted with the condition of Wyoming at that time, might be led to form the erroneous conclusion that the place was very well prepared for an attack and would repel a large force of the enemy with comparative ease. But this was far from being the case; for nearly all the fighting men had been drafted for the continental army, and the strength of the valley was at that time defending other portions of the country, while Congress was, apparently, blind to the danger that menaced the settlements of the Susquehanna. With a few exceptions, but an incomfortable number of old men, and none youths, remained to ward off the blow that menaced them from the Six Nations and the tories combined.

Among the able-bodied men yet to be found in the valley, one of tall and muscular proportions stood leaning upon his long rifle, listening to what was said, making occasionally a remark when appealed to, but evidently chary of his words.

Near him was a much younger individual, more talkative, and judging by his phyiognomy, not so uniformly impressed with a sense of peril as the others. He asserted in a confident manner that the inhabitants were unnecessarily alarmed, and there was no good and sufficient cause for the general apprehension that prevailed. This young man's name was James Lanaway. The opinion which he had advanced with so much assurance was immediately endorsed and doggedly sustained by an elder man called Winternoot, the very person who had caused the fort to be constructed which then bore his name.

"So far as I know anything about this matter, there is not much to fear at present," said Winternoot.

"But what mean all these rumors?" asked a young man by the name of Edward Gaston.

"The country is always full of idle rumors," replied Lanaway, with a sneer.

"I think we have reason to believe that Butler with his Tory Rangers, or Royal Greens, as they are called, are somewhere up the river, preparing to make this now peaceful valley the scene of carnage and blood," said Mr. Devron, a fine-looking man of about fifty, whose temples were beginning to be silvered over with those invitiating marks of age—gray hairs.

"Well, I suppose if you are determined to frighten the women and children (and yourselves, too, for that matter), you can do it. I am for my part I think it is cruel," added Lanaway, sharply.

"What is your opinion?" inquired Devron, turning to the tall man with the long rifle, who stood without moving a limb, or giving any evidence that he had heard a word of the last few remarks that had been made.

"Yes, what do you think of it?" added another.

The person addressed was silent for a moment, and then fixing his sharp gray eyes on Lanaway and Winternoot, replied:

"We haven't no time to lose in idle talk—not a single hour—for Butler will soon fall on us with all his painted critters, and there'll be such a slaughter as has been seldom seen or read on. These are my natural feelin's on the subject, expressed in my off hand and perhaps homely way."

Lanaway turned from the fixed gaze of Dunbar, and Winternoot moved about uneasily.

"You have then no doubts respecting the intentions of the tories, and Indians?" resumed Devron, earnestly.

"Doubt, sir!" returned Dunbar, "who can doubt after what has been heard? Let them as have wives and children, mothers, sisters and sweethearts, look well to their safety, for fire, the bullet and the sword will soon do their work in this valley, and woe to them as can't fly to the mountains as they did in Scripter times; and as for that matter, perhaps I might as well add, to them as do take to the mountains, perviden' they haven't some strong hand or dauntless heart to carve for 'em."

"You haven't been among us a great while, Dunbar, but ever since you came you have continually prophesied evil when there hasn't been any great need of it; and for one I'm tired of hearing about dangers that never come," answered Lanaway, sneeringly.

"When you don't want to hear, you are at liberty to stop your ears, youngster; but when my advice is asked by a respectable man like Mr. Devron, I shall allers give it, whether you like to hear the truth or not. It isn't probable that we shall ever agree together very well, for a man as has allers loved his country, can't be made to think otherwise of it; so he advised and don't make no free wish one when we happen in most, for I niet over and above patient and forbearin' to them as don't suit my fancy, and it might in some way or another be the worse for you, and rather work again you in the long run, as 'twere," answered Dunbar, slowly, and without changing his fixed and statue-like posture.

While the latter was speaking, another party was approaching, toward whom all eyes were directed; and indeed his figure and bearing were not likely to escape notice even from less curious observers than the inhabitants of Wyoming. Quite commanding in height, straight as an arrow, with a firm and fearless step, assured yet devoid of swagger, dark and somewhat sunny complexion, hair black and curling, eyes full and quick in their movements, all his personal peculiarities seemed to denote a marked and uncommon character.

He advanced, nodding in a friendly manner to several of the group, and after exchanging a few words with Dunbar, which were not spoken sufficiently loud to be heard by others, the two walked away together, leaving the men of Forty Fort gazing after them with lively curiosity; but no one contemplated them with such an equivocal expression as Lanaway, whose features took on an expression that at that moment might have been deemed gloomy and foreboding, and the next defiant and vindictive.

"It's my opinion those persons ought to be watched," said the individual we have called Winternoot, glancing furtively at his neighbors. No one made a response but Lanaway, and he fully concurred with Winternoot. Leaving the men of Forty Fort to discuss whatever subject they may consider most worthy of their attention, we will attend the footsteps of Dunbar and his companion. The two proceeded to the river, but a few yards distant, and directed their way toward Lackawonock Gap—the opening in the mountain ranges where the Susquehanna forces its way into the valley.

When they had gone a short distance they launched a canoe that had been concealed in the bushes, and crossed over to a high cliff on the eastern bank called "Prospect Rock," the summit of which commanded a view of nearly the whole valley. Climbing to the top of this eminence, Dunbar and his comrade cast their eyes over the fair lands of Wyoming, the possession of which had already cost so much contention and bloodshed. The whole valley lay before them like a glorious picture—with its gilding river, its meadows, its dead levels, its gentle swells, and its eternal wall of surrounding mountains hemming in all its variegated and lovely scenery, making it more like a fairy Eden than a spot of common earth.

"Is isn't strange in the least," said Dunbar, "that there has been so much wrangling about this valley, for you see, friend Mentour, that it is as handsome a spot as the human eye can rest on."

Nature indeed disclosed her most attractive features here; and yet it is not worth the price paid for it, in blood," replied the other.

LAWSON, THE NEW CHARACTER. [See Chapter V.]

"So far as that is concerned, it isn't paid for yet; for you may rely on't, it will cost a great deal more of that kind of payment, according to the present appearance of things," returned Dunbar.

So much were they absorbed in contemplating the dreamy beauty of the valley, that neither heard the soft footfall of the figure that drew near and finally stood within a few paces of them.

"You may feast your eyes on it, while mean; but it belongs to the Lenni Lenape," he said, abruptly. Dunbar and Mentour turned sharply toward the speaker, instinctively grasping their rifles more firmly as they did so.

"You here, Custangey?" replied the former.

"Yes, Custangey is here. Do you envy him a single look at the lands that once belonged to the Lenapes?" he asked, his red lip curling scornfully.

"No, them aint my feelin's, redskin; I don't hold no hardness agin the Delawares, or the Lenni Lenape, as you call 'em. You can look at this bit of ground as much as you like, and welcome, and I for one will make no objections whatever, so long as you don't dig up the hatchet and take to your natural lagin ways, as 'twere," answered Dunbar.

"Why did not the Lenapes keep this beautiful valley when they had possession of it?" inquired Mentour.

"Because the allied nations were stronger than the Lenapes. Is that a good reason, pale face?" returned Custangey, sternly.

"The best you can give, red man," answered Mentour.

"If I come back here a few moons after this time and ask the pale faces why they do not keep their cabins from the hands of the Six Nations, what will they say?" inquired the Lenape.

"That the Six Nations were too strong for them," was the instant reply.

"And that will be true, for the war-path of the Iroquois leads this way," continued the Delaware.

"What will the Lenapes do?" resumed Mentour.

"What should they do but look on? Why should they foolishly meddle with this quarrel? Who will give them back their lands if they should fight? Would the Six Nations? Would the white men? No, no! The possessions of the Delawares have slipped from beneath them, and they will never recover their former footing."

"Do you know anything about the movements of Colonel Butler?" asked Mentour.

"Go and inquire of the pale faces down in the valley," replied Custangey; and then with clouded brow and compressed lips moved from the spot, and was soon lost to view in the mountains.

"He knows very well there's false hearted ones at Wyoming," observed Dunbar.

"I am not so much acquainted in the settlement as you are, but I fear that your suspicions are not unfounded," was Mentour's answer.

The hunter made no answer, and the birchen bark drew near. When it was within rifle distance, Dunbar took deliberate aim and fired. The Indian dropped the paddle, and Mentour throwing off his hunting frock plunged into the stream and swam toward the canoe, which when he had reached, he directed to the bank pushing it before him with his hand. By the time he had accomplished the task, the Mohawk, who had fallen forward upon his face, had revived and began to make efforts to get upon his feet, but was too much exhausted from loss of blood to do so. Dunbar drew the little vessel from the water, and then directed his attention toward the wounded savage.

The benignant rays of the moon streamed down upon the singular scene. The Mohawk laid in the canoe regarding his conquerors with stern composure. His eyes, though fast losing their lucidity, still gleamed with the dark vindictiveness of his race. Death could bring no loss of physical power and life, but could not change his nature.

"Redskin, you have been betrayed," said Dunbar.

The words of the backwoodsman caused the native to start and cast an inquiring glance at the speaker.

"Betrayed!" he added, without changing his tone.

"By whom?" asked the sufferer, instinctively feeling for his handle of his knife.

"You came to meet Lanaway?" rejoined Dunbar, watching the countenance of the Mohawk.

The latter was silent for a moment as if deciding how far he might honorably divulge his purpose.

"The pale faces were always traitors!" he exclaimed, with suppressed and husky voice.

"You were a fool to trust to white men who betray their own brethren. Did you think they would keep better faith with you than with us?" continued Dunbar.

"Pale faces, you are right; he who is false to his own people will be false to others," replied the Indian, somewhat less sourly.

"Of course you are old enough to know better than to trust yourself with such hypocritical renegades. Shame on you, redskin, to be caught in the company of John Butler and his band of tory outcrowds! A man as will fight agin his own country and countrymen will sell an Injun for a pint of whiskey."

"Wa, wa! 'tis so; for you could not have known what you have told, if Lanaway had not told me. Pale Face, Butler and the Six Nations will soon come down the Susquehanna and Wyoming will fall. Winternoot, will curse the fire which his hands built, to the tories, and then fight his neighbors like a hollow heart as he is. He and Lanaway have betrayed me, and I will betray them. Pale Faces, the good Manedo has called me to go to the happy hunting-grounds, but I will tell you before I depart that the birds of war are hovering over the valley. Yes, I was the messenger of Butler and the Six Nations to arrange the time when the great blow should be struck that will desolate Wyoming. But I have fallen by treachery, and my blood shall be heard no more on the war-path."

"Where was you to meet Lanaway and Winternoot to settle these matters?"

"At the second bend below here; I hope you will go and show them, lest they mistake your face," returned the Mohawk, articulating with difficulty.

The parties stood near the fallen warrior in silence, observing the rapid inroads of the great conqueror of men. The native's failing vision wandered with fitful glances from companion; then he chanted in a low and monotonous voice what was evidently his death song, and shortly afterwards expired.

Dunbar searched the body and found what he expected to; a letter from Butler, the chief and leader of the Tory Rangers, which disclosed a scheme of cool-blooded atrocity rarely equalled, even by those heathen most active in devising and executing plans of vengeance.

Being thus in possession of the secret of the enemy's intended operations against Wyoming, Dunbar and Mentour made their calculations accordingly, shocked and justly, at the perfidy exhibited by Lanaway and Winternoot, and many others who had hitherto been unsuspected of being anything but staunch patriots.

Dunbar, the backwoodsman and hunter, as well as his younger associate, had long been suspicious of the motives of the two persons above named; but their feelings in relation to the subject they had been in some measure obliged to keep almost wholly to themselves; for so artful and artful had been their management, that many of the good people of the valley would have been indisposed to listen to aught derogatory to their patriotism. Both Dunbar and Mentour, as has been remarked in another place, had not long been residents in the valley, and had

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lived in comparative obscurity, which had thrown around them a kind of mystery that, among the few gossiping and unchariable ones, had been interpreted in a manner not friendly to their reputation.

But our two friends cared but little for this, modelled with no one's business, made but few acquaintances and no confidants, perplexing the inquisitive and prying to no small extent. That they had by some means come to entertain doubts regarding Lannavy and Winnemucca, must be sufficiently obvious to the reader from reading the foregoing; and those doubts had been greatly strengthened by a conversation to which they were accidentally a party, without the knowledge or consent of those whose integrity and love of country that conversation concerned. Thus a messenger from Baxter was to meet one at both of them, to arrange the details of some important movement, involving the peace and security of Wyoming; they were quite certain; and to put the matter upon the footing of absolute demonstration, they had received a watch notifying the common time of communication with the valley—the Sangchamme—in order to surprise and cut off the party commissioned to negotiate with those unprincipled men who had basely resolved to give their neighbors to the tomahawk and the knife.

It has been seen that their suspicions were perfectly correct, and their efforts had proved eminently successful. How they acted, upon arrive of the intelligence which the death of the Mohawk had procured, will be duly unfolded as we proceed. Who and what Montour and Dennison were, it is not our present purpose to divulge; for it is the design of the following chapters to develop those particulars, with many other interesting matters.

Hiding the canoe in the bushes, and committing body of the native to the waters, with thoughtful faces and slow steps they turned and left the spot.

CHAPTER II.

ELLEN DEVRON.

In one of those snug, comfortable, and yet romantic cabins for which the valley of Wyoming was so justly celebrated, seated in a small and unpretending window, gazing with an abstracted and somewhat melancholy expression through the clustering foliage that depended from the humble roof (which was overrun with luxuriant vines), upon the verdant scenery spread out before her, and stretching gracefully to the river's bank, was a maiden of some seventeen summers. That she was blest with uncommon beauty of person, it needed no second glance to determine; for the ruddy lips, the delicately chiseled nose, the finely formed forehead, the full and soul-lit eyes, the elaborate skin, the graceful neck, the swelling bust, and the whole contour of the figure, eloquently testified to the affirmation.

She was aroused from her musing and reflective attitude, by the sudden appearance of two individuals, who were casually spoken of in the previous chapter—Devron and Lannavy; the former, it will be remembered, being a man considerably advanced in years.

Waving all useless ceremony, it will perhaps be best to state at once, that the two last mentioned, and Mr. Devron, sustained the natural and interesting relation of father and daughter. And will be the future place to remark also that, Mrs. Devron having long since gone the way of all the earth, the only offspring of their union, Ellen, had for some years been sole mistress of her father's dwelling.

The appearance of her parent obviously gave her pleasure; and as obviously the unexpected advent of Lannavy was productive of pain. She met his somewhat obsequious salutation with distant politeness, and anxiously turning to her father, directed to him her conversation, eagerly asking what had been the result of their deliberations at Forty Fort.

"I am sorry to say," he replied, "that we have left the matter almost precisely as we found it.

"What! have we decided steps been taken to meet this evil?" she inquired, earnestly.

"Nothing has been done, my child, and no particular course has been resolved on, non being divided in their opinions; some saying anything and some another, although I believe the majority are fully impressed with the idea of impending danger. What the result will be, Heaven only knows!" returned her father, sadly.

"It appears to me that you magnify the peril greatly," said Lannavy.

"Can you for a moment imagine that Wyoming is not menaced with destruction?" Ellen asked, looking steadfastly at the young man.

"It is possible," he replied, slowly, "that there are those in the valley who have much to fear; but believe me when I say that the minutes of this cabin are safe. This sheltering roof will never be prized to the flames, and tomahawk will never be brandished over this threshold, with savage fury."

"I confess that I cannot comprehend you," rejoined Ellen.

"Accept my assurances, then, without comprehending them; for I trust you are so fully convinced of my friendly feelings toward you, that you cannot doubt my sincerity."

"I cannot but sincerely hope the general fate, nor can I see by what interposition a single cabin can be kept from Indian ravages and savage cruelty, while others are involved in utter ruin. The strange hopes which you extend to this dwelling and its inmates, are not easily to be, for who can measure the baseness of that selfishness which, in times like these, when all should feel their mutual dependence, thinks only of self preservation! Unworthy indeed should I be of Heaven's blessings, if all my desires and prayers should have reference only to my own personal comfort and safety, when there are so many families exposed to the shafts of danger, while those strong and willing hands that would unanimly protect them, are sway fighting insides for other settlements and other homes. Such, sir, are the feelings that animate me; and it were better, methinks, to fall a victim to the remorseless hatchet, than to outlive the common sympathies of humanity," resumed Ellen, with increasing warmth.

"Bravely spoken, my girl!" exclaimed Devron.

Lannavy colored, his lip flapped, and for a moment was considerably embarrassed.

"I regret," he added, speaking less confidently, "that our whig friends are so energetic in their opposition to the home government. They, that is, we, should be very cautious about irritating the feelings of the loyalists; in fact, more policy should be established."

"The time for the kind of policy you refer to, is past; and the policy which this crisis demands is that backed up by powder and ball; no other will do, and I am sorry to see you display so little confidence on a subject worthy the attention of the profoundest and best minds. I doubt the soundness of your patriotism."

"In my zeal to maintain pacific relations with those around us and with the crown, I shall unquestionably be misconstrued, and subjected to cruel suspicion; but a high sense of duty I hope will sustain me, and ever prompt me to a course calculated to ensure the good of all parties. Such ideas are expressed by Mr. Devron, will do very well in romances; but in practical, everyday life, they are, I imagine, quite out of place," responded Lannavy. Then addressing her father, he added, in a serious tone, "I hope a due consideration for your daughter's safety, will prompt you to adopt such precautionary measures that may be suggested by one who certainly feels a deep interest in your happiness."

"I shall regard my interest and Ellen's safety as sacred trusts," rejoined Devron, firmly.

"I am with you in this matter heart and soul, Mr. Devron; but as reasonable men, would it not be well for us to pause and inquire what will be the consequences of our rebellion? Our rebellion is unquestionably is to the mother country," resumed the young man.

"Mr. Lannavy, you are at liberty to pause and consider and retract; but as for me, I will live and die a patriot, animated by a love of country which no sophistry, no dangers, no suffering, can shake, conquer or undermine. The die is cast; I shall throw all my sympathies, all my efforts, and all and be all my means, into the body and glorious cause of freedom; and it would pain me much to see you deserting our standard and taking part with those bloody and unnatural ruffians who are devastating the fairest country that the light of heaven blesses, and turning their cruelest weapons in the breast of their friends and neighbors. I hope for the sake of your honor and your reputation as a father and daughter and for me, you will make one strong effort and strive to rise superior to doubt and hesitancy, and to disappoint your friends, if your is man's prerogative, and it would grieve me truly, that a friend of mine should prove in any manner recreant to his trust, or false to duty and to God."

Mr. Devron spoke with much energy, and in one sense so unlike his profoundness were his hypocrisy; for sincerity and integrity breathed forth with every word that left his lips.

Lannavy pressed his temples as if he felt a sudden pain there, and was reviving to assuage it. He did not look up, but turned side upon eyes of Devron or the searching gaze of Ellen. Waves of agitating thought appeared to sweep rapidly across the surface of his mind, and mind and distort painfully its quietude. His usually impassive features changed color, alternately from a deep blush to a pale paleness. Ellen Devron did not seem to be sensible of the perturbation of his neighbor; but Ellen, more watchful, had noted the existence of the unusual emotions, and drew her own inferences from the same.

"I dare say you are correct," said Lannavy, at length. "When time has had more to do with principles arrives (as it will shortly), I trust I shall be found on the right side, doing my duty like a true man."

Although he attempted in my three words with his usual cordiale air, his voice more than once faltered, and thus ill-giving energy which should have marked and lent force to them, was the result of the same cause. The eyes of Ellen fixed upon him with an earnestness which he could not brook with that calmness of demeanor which he wished to exhibit in her presence; so taking somewhat hurried leave he left the cabin.

His departure was followed by a long and constrained silence between the father and daughter. Both gave indications of dissatisfaction and uneasiness; Ellen was the first to speak.

"Father," she said, laying her hand upon his arm, "did it ever occur to you that Mr. Lannavy is not a true friend to the cause which we love, so ardently and fearlessly exposed?"

"It is not best to entertain such suspicions, child," he replied, evasively, as it appeared to the fair questioner.

"But his manner—did you not observe it?"

"No, no! I saw nothing. Don't cherish such unkindly thoughts, Ellen; you do him injustice."

"What portend his vague hints about securing our safety? What means has he of doing what you cannot just as well accomplish? Why has power which you have not, where did he get it? Why this mystery?" she continued, with increasing earnestness.

"Would you distrust your lover, Ellen?" asked her father, somewhat sternly.

"I care not that he should be lover of mine," was the firm reply.

"Be cautious, my daughter—do not sacrifice your maiden feelings too much to patriotism," rejoined Devron, smiling.

"Little affection have I for James Lannavy," resumed Ellen.

"Strange that youthful damsels will never frankly confess the tenderness of their truest thoughts; but so it has ever been from the first female to the last," was the bantering rejoinder.

Miss Devron reiterated her assurances, but they apparently had no convincing force over the mind of her parent, and for the time the subject was dropped.

On the second evening after this interview, the fears of the settlers were still more excited by an incident which will now be briefly related. Mr. Devron and Ellen were seated in the comfortable little room where we have just left them, when Cato, the aged servant, came running in, crying in a disturbed voice:

"Misses Devron, dars trubbil down below, sartin!"

Both father and daughter followed him into the open air, to discover the object of his fears. "Which way, Cato?" said Ellen.

"Right dar; don't you see de fire?"

Miss Devron glanced in the direction named and perceived a fierce jet of flame bursting through the roof of a cabin on the opposite side of the valley.

"De Injins hab come, Missy Ellen, and dat's de game dey's at," added Cato.

"True, too true, Cato!" exclaimed Miss Devron.

"Were than savages, perhaps?" said Devron.

"Tories!" replied Ellen.

"Very probable; but we shall learn soon enough, no doubt," was the mournful response.

"Dat's de very ting I come for, dear," ah! if I cried Cato, vaaring valorous.

"Heaven forbid, Cato!" rejoined Ellen. "What should we do?"

"Do, Missy Ellen? I bring out my doubtbarrel gun and fight for dis here woolly skulp, for your sabey'ness, too," said Cato.

During this time not a single shot had been heard, or other sound indicating that the marauding party meeting with any resistance.

"I cannot account for this," said Mr. Devron, "when there is the certainty of a tomahawk, Dunbar, and that strange young man, who is sometimes seen with him, but of whom no one knows anything, should be near, that when the fire has not been seen from the fort is surprising."

"Ah! I can splainify dat. You see dars a sort ob kick-up at de fort on todder side, and most ob de fellaes and gals am dar a shakin de toodsticks, fust; dem's de reason," returned Cato.

"An Fort Winermoo!"

"Dat's de ting, Missy Ellen."

"An unfortunate time indeed for hilarity and merry-making," continued Devron, "when a efficers, and all and be all my means, into the body and glorious cause of freedom; and it would pain me much to see you deserting our standard and taking part with those bloody and unnatural ruffians who are devastating the fairest country that the light of heaven blesses, and turning their cruelest weapons in the breast of their friends and neighbors. I hope for the sake of your honor and your reputation as a father and daughter and for me, you will make one strong effort and strive to rise superior to doubt and hesitancy, and to disappoint your friends, if your is man's prerogative, and it would grieve me truly, that a friend of mine should prove in any manner recreant to his trust, or false to duty and to God."

Mr. Devron spoke with much energy, and in one sense so unlike his profoundness were his hypocrisy; for sincerity and integrity breathed forth with every word that left his lips.

Lannavy pressed his temples as if he felt a sudden pain there, and was reviving to assuage it. He did not look up, but turned side upon eyes of Devron or the searching gaze of Ellen. Waves of agitating thought appeared to sweep rapidly across the surface of his mind, and mind and distort painfully its quietude. His usually impassive features changed color, alternately from a deep blush to a pale paleness. Ellen Devron did not seem to be sensible of the perturbation of his neighbor; but Ellen, more watchful, had noted the existence of the unusual emotions, and drew her own inferences from the same.

"I dare say you are correct," said Lannavy, at length. "When time has had more to do with principles arrives (as it will shortly), I trust I shall be found on the right side, doing my duty like a true man."

Although he attempted in my three words with his usual cordiale air, his voice more than once faltered, and thus ill-giving energy which should have marked and lent force to them, was the result of the same cause. The eyes of Ellen fixed upon him with an earnestness which he could not brook with that calmness of demeanor which he wished to exhibit in her presence; so taking somewhat hurried leave he left the cabin.

His departure was followed by a long and constrained silence between the father and daughter. Both gave indications of dissatisfaction and uneasiness; Ellen was the first to speak.

"Father," she said, laying her hand upon his arm, "did it ever occur to you that Mr. Lannavy is not a true friend to the cause which we love, so ardently and fearlessly exposed?"

"It is not best to entertain such suspicions, child," he replied, evasively, as it appeared to the fair questioner.

"But his manner—did you not observe it?"

"No, no! I saw nothing. Don't cherish such unkindly thoughts, Ellen; you do him injustice."

"What portend his vague hints about securing our safety? What means has he of doing what you cannot just as well accomplish? Why has power which you have not, where did he get it? Why this mystery?" she continued, with increasing earnestness.

"Would you distrust your lover, Ellen?" asked her father, somewhat sternly.

"I care not that he should be lover of mine," was the firm reply.

"Be cautious, my daughter—do not sacrifice your maiden feelings too much to patriotism," rejoined Devron, smiling.

"Little affection have I for James Lannavy," resumed Ellen.

"Strange that youthful damsels will never frankly confess the tenderness of their truest thoughts; but so it has ever been from the first female to the last," was the bantering rejoinder.

Miss Devron reiterated her assurances, but they apparently had no convincing force over the mind of her parent, and for the time the subject was dropped.

Ellen had given up all hope and expected instant death; and her father still resolved, prepared his cocked pistol at the nearest of the assailants.

At that moment of awful suspense, when the cries of Devron was suffering more than the pains of death for the fate of his child, the sharp, quick report of two rifles, from another quarter, reached his ears, while two of the loyalists fell, and a third received a dangerous wound. Demoralized at the robbed of their victim, three of the tories now rushed upon Devron. One of them received the contents of his pistol, and another grasped Ellen by the arm and tore her from her father; but his rude and pillaging hand had scarcely touched her, when he was hurled to the ground by a blow.

"Deluded and inhuman man! will ye murder young maidens, and have no pity for a father with grey hairs?" cried he, who had. Instantly come to the rescue.

"Back, back, ye unmannerly hounds!" cried another voice, and the tall form of Dunbar, the hunter, was seen looking through the sights of his long rifle.

The young man who had sprang to the relief of Ellen, caught her in his arms, and here her swiftly toward Hudson's cabin, while the loyalists, not knowing how many new enemies might be at hand, retreated. "Fellow Montour," said Dunbar, "Devron and Cato; "follow him to the cabin as fast as you can, and I'll be there as soon as you."

Without waiting a second bidding, they obeyed, and in a few minutes the parties were safely at Hudson's.

We leave the revulsion of feeling that took place in this bosom of Ellen Devron. In a painfully unconscious state she was borne within the cabin and laid upon a bed. Her father, who was for her father, when she was assured by her preserver that he was close at hand. She ventured to examine the features of Montour more closely, and then remembered that he was the same whom she had seen with Dunbar on many occasions, but with whom she had never given one a word. The discovery did not seem a disagreeable one, for her delivrer had a manly beauty of face and form, not to be delighted by even baleful dassnds or any malicious. She attempted to speak some fitting words of thanks, but though her voice failed, her embarrassment spoke more eloquently to Montour than all the same author been mentioned—Edward Gaston.

"Sad indeed!" returned Devron. "But yet I ought not to complain," he added, glancing at Ellen, "when a life so precious has been spared to me."

"You are right welcome to the shelter of my roof," Mr. Hudson replied, "and if attacked, we will manually do our best to baffle the designs of the unreliable enemies. Ah, here is Dunbar! I am glad to see you, sir, and your friend also; for the very fact of his being with you, vouches for his integrity. Neighbors, make yourselves at home under my humble roof, and if, after we have done our duty like true men, the worst happens, we will at least enjoy the comfort of signing ourselves as much as is in poor human nature, to the will of God."

The last remark was an exclamation from Dunbar attracted the attention of the parties. Devron, looking from the window in the direction of his cabin, saw a few puffs of smoke arising from the roof, specially followed by a flickering flame which rapidly increased in strength and hold. Dunbar had cut a rail glazy upon the surrounding scenery.

Ellen sighed, and tears moistened her cheeks, when perceived the home of her childhood crumbling to ashes and melting from her sight. Our cabin is large enough to shelter you," said Elvira Hudson, taking Ellen by the hand in a kindly manner. "When peace once more reigns in the valley, it will be an easy matter for good neighbors to erect another dwelling; and I am sure it will give them pleasure to do so."

"Be not sorrowful, my friend, no doubt; but many a dark night of danger will pass before the day of peace dawns upon us," replied Miss Devron.

"Let us hope for the best, Ellen; there may be is alive and well now, want need no sirrily homes," said Dunbar, solemnly.

Expecting further molestation, Hudson and his friends (like many others) kept anxious vigils during that long night, but no attack was made. The morrow found no traces of the tories could be found, save in the blackened ruins of the two cabins, and spots of blood where the conflict had taken place; the bodies of the slain having been removed.

CHAPTER III.

THE SUITORS.

On the following morning Mr. Devron and Ellen stood looking mournfully at the smouldering ruins of their once pleasant home. A thoughtful consideration of an agreeable kind connected with it, passed through the mind of the latter, making her feel more sensibly the extent of her personal misfortune. It was to one like her a painful thought, also, that men professing the same peaceful religion, and worshipping the same Creator, Power, should so far forget the common bond of brotherhood, and cast aside so completely all the tender impulses which man is capable of feeling. While indulging in feelings of this description, she heard some one approaching lightly, and turning she beheld Lannavy. His countenance was exceedingly pale, and he exhibited much agitation of manner.

"You are your power to protect us?" said Ellen, quickly, and with something of sarcasm in her tones.

"This was a danger truly unlooked for, and which I was not prepared to expect," he hurriedly replied.

"Then you can only guard us against dangers which you expect?" continued the young lady.

"I mean," resumed Lannavy, stammering, "that this exact of the loyalists was something not anticipated by any of us."

"That is merely requesting what you have said in another form. Think you we shall feel disposed to rely on your power to protect us, again?"

"You are too hard on the young man," said Mr. Devron.

"I have heard that you had an escape which was almost miraculous," continued Lannavy.

"We were indeed in a position of great peril, but by the mercy of God we were spared," Devron replied.

"Believe me," added the young man, turning to Ellen, and speaking in a lower tone, "if I could have averted the danger through which you have passed, I would gladly have done so, at the hazard of my life."

"Unquestionably," was the cold reply.

"It pains me much to be treated with coldness and distrust by one in whom I confess so deep an interest. In what way can I make you sensible of my undying attachment?" he asked, in an anxiety voice.

"The attachment of which you speak, I have never sought or desired, consequently you will be spared the trouble of bringing the proof referred to," was the dignified reply.

"You cruel maiden! how long you are hard upon me," said Lannavy.

"Small necessity is there that interviews of this nature should be continued. I think my sentiments are quite well known to you."

"You are what dangers surround you, Miss Devron, and the truth that need a protector must be sufficiently obvious without any argument of mine," resumed the lover.

"That I need a protector certainly requires no argument, Mr. Lannavy; and the same may be said of all the inhabitants of this small province in Wyoming. So far as I am concerned, I needed a protector last night," was the ironical rejoinder.

"And bad one, I understand; but we will not dwell upon the unfortunate incidents of last night. I wish some one may prove to be one right to protect you," continued Lannavy, earnestly.

"I know well what you mean, but I can give you no more legal power to protect me than any other young man in the valley. This is my answer, and I trust we understand each other and friends."

"May I ask the reason of this unqualified rejection?"

"If you make such an inquiry, I am not obliged to answer it, and there is little need of proposing the question."

"Still I would like to know," resumed Lannavy, striving to appear calm and composed.

"If I must speak on a subject so embarrassing, I would say that I should desire in the kind of protector which I possess, a man of strong principles, who is devotedly attached to the land that gave him birth," answered Ellen, somewhat proudly.

"I think the time will come when you will regret this unkindness," said Lannavy, biting his lips, and feelingly his arms suddenly on his chest.

"Perhaps you had better try threats," added Ellen, with a smile.

"Enjoy your power while you have it, Miss Devron."

"I did not mean to offend," rejoined Ellen, in a more kindly voice.

"Forgiveness! pardon! I repeat, but remember there will be terrible changes here soon. This valley will resound with savage yells, and the earth will receive a dreadful baptism of blood."

The young man spoke these words with compressed lips, and fixed a menacing glance upon Ellen.

"Now you indeed stop to threaten! James Lannavy, is this your manliness? Fortunate am I that I have not been deceived by your professions. I perceive that you now cast off the mask of hypocrisy, and show to me your cloven hoofs. I wish you no evil—only better principles and sounder principles."

"Do not forget the awful tempest of fire that will soon rain upon Wyoming, and how much of your blood and of your father will need a protecting hand."

"A few drops of the shower fell last night," said Ellen, pointing to the ruins of the cabin.

"That is nothing to the general doom—all Wyoming will be bathed in fire!" he exclaimed.

"Heaven's will be done! I said if you are a party to the dreadful violation of which you prophesy to confidently, your business surpasses the power of human forgiveness. Before God, sir, I should rather be devoured by the little element you speak of, than survive and be blest with the wealth and distinction which you afford any index to your designs."

For an instant Lannavy gazed at Miss Devron with a smile curling upon his lips, and then slowly turning from the spot walked away, leaving her bewildered with astonishment.

"What is the matter, my child?" asked her father, approaching her, and noticing the paleness of her cheeks. "A lover's quarrel, I fear, Ellen. Do not be proud, my girl—speak but a word, and I will call him back."

"Not for the world, father!" exclaimed Ellen.

"Why, how is this! A serious quarrel, I verily believe!"

"Father, you misapprehend me entirely in relation to James Lannavy. I feel only for him compassion, fear, and dislike, and one of these gentler emotions which you have for a long time ascribed to me. I sincerely believe him to be a great base and dangerous man."

"Ellen, you amaze me beyond measure! I had cherished the thought that—that—"

"Then banish such thoughts forever; I know what you would say."

"Why do you judge him so harshly?" he demanded, with asperity.

"The man who does not love his country, it seems to me, is not worthy of the love of woman."

"But what reason have you to suppose that he does not?"

"I have observed him long, and his conduct assures me that he is indeed a loyalist, guiding the destruction of Wyoming."

"Heavens, Ellen! this is indeed a terrible accusation."

"And time will prove its truth."

"And sooner, perhaps, than you are aware," rejoined a voice—and Dunbar joined them.

"What, are you against Mr. Lannaway, too?"

"I am a man as dislikes all traitors, whether Devon; and the way I look at masters, Lannaway is the blackest of all men who ever had that name applied to him."

"It may be so; but allowing it to be true, I have been very blind. Let us be charitable, friend Dunbar, even in these dark times. And now while I think of it, allow me to inquire who the young man is whom I have seen with you on several occasions, and who so bravely bore my dear Ellen from the scene of danger last night?"

"I am not a person given to tellin' long stories, neighbor Devon, especially about those as don't appear to be over and above honest, particular in regard to themselves. I can only say that Roland Montour is a brave young fellow, let him be who he may, or what he may. I know this isn't very definite, but it's about all I know myself. You see a natural friendship has sprung up atween us, as 'twere, and that's the reason why we're seen so much together. I'm aware that certain people have circulated reports not very favorable to him or me either, so far as that goes, but when you find a better man than Montour, I should like to see him," replied Dunbar.

Our heroine and her father returned to Mr. Hudson's, the subjects of spelling Montour and perplexity. If Ellen drew comparisons between Lannaway and Montour unfavorable to the former, it was certainly very natural under the circumstances, and to be expected; and if the bravery of the latter won her admiration, his fine figure and handsome features served possibly to increase it.

But our story now takes us to another locality to witness and record other events. We follow Roland Montour and his friend Dunbar toward one of the narrow defiles in the mountain ranges, where for some reason they directed their footsteps a few hours later.

Montour's face had a more serious expression than it was wont to wear on ordinary occasions. It may be fairly inferred, perhaps, that the beauty of Ellen had not been without its effect upon him—so prone are the young and gallant to confuse the influences of feminine loveliness and grace. With his rifle upon his shoulder he mechanically trod in the steps of Dunbar. Long practice in woodcraft had made him habitually cautious when threading the lonely places of the wilderness, and his moccasined feet pressed the ground with a noiseless elasticity not possible to the more tyro in the ways of the backwoodsman.

Having traversed the rugged ground for a considerable time, they seated themselves on a sheltering rock, to rest.

"We are watched!" said Dunbar, suddenly, and raising his rifle fired, and Montour saw the back fly from a tree at some distance from them.

"To a tree—I have missed him!" added the hunter. Both of them sprang to a cover in an instant.

"Be careful of your head, Montour—keep it out of sight—if you expose a part of it no bigger than a sixpence, you may get a bullet," continued Dunbar.

"Yes. I understand—this kind of warfare is new to me—I have been on the trail and on the war-path, and heard bullets whistle more than once," replied the young man. While he was speaking a ball glanced by the tree that covered his person, passing through the skirt of his hunting frock, which happened to be exposed a little.

For several minutes the parties remained perfectly motionless, during which time a number of bullets were lodged in the friendly trees that gave them protection. There was one consideration that served to strengthen the hope of escape; which was, that they could not very well be surrounded, as Pokono mountain rose behind them almost perpendicularly, rendering it a task of exceeding difficulty to ascend it, and to gain, in that spot, even the minimum of vegetation.

"Is this always to last?" exclaimed Montour, bitterly. "Can I never go abroad without being dogged by those who seek my life? Am I ever to be hunted like a beast of prey, and followed to the death by these hounds of vengeance?"

"This growthy, youngster, is intended as much for me as for you, I fancy," said the hunter.

"I would endeavor your opinion, friend Dunbar, had I not many cogent reasons to make me think otherwise. I believe that I am more particularly the object of this demonstration, than you may be aware of; for I have not for many months enjoyed the common privilege from danger that attends most other men, even in these precarious times. Perhaps it would be well to tell you now while I am speaking of the subject—that I am a kind of fated man—marked for death by a secret fee who follows me in all places and gives me little rest. When I change my locality, fancying that I shall elude his vengeance, I am soon undeceived, and the music of a bullet, the twang of a bow-string, or the flash of steel, assures me that I am still dogged."

"It wouldn't be surprisin' to me if the troubles of those times had given you such a notion; for continual perplexity at last produces queer ideas, as 'twere, and make people have all kind of strange whims, that have no more foundation in truth than the presence of the King, and they sint by no means celebrated for that, you know. But this here is fine business! see the spliniters fly! How long do the varmints suppose we'll stay contented behind these trees? Keep perfectly still, and I'll try an old plan of mine which has answered a good purpose more nor once."

Here Dunbar resorted to an expedient to draw the enemy's fire, that has served their object on several occasions. Taking off his cap he placed it on the end of the driver of his rifle.

"Now," said he, to Montour, "be ready to let fly the moment I throw down this hat, after they've had time to dodge back behind the trees. As soon as they see this here cap, they'll think my head's in it, and he sure to fire a bullet at balls."

Dunbar accordingly exposed the cap to view, and immediately three bullets passed through it, and a shout from the hidden assailants expressed their triumph at the feat. But before they had well regained their covers, Montour, who was on the alert, had brought his rifle to bear on a dusky face and fired. The yell of rage that followed, told that he had not missed his aim; and the hunter also taking advantage of the confusion, which the unexpected fire had created, poured his deadly barrel with its wonted accuracy and effect.

"It strikes me," he said, coolly, as with almost incredible expertness he forced another bullet into the long dark tube, "that the natural products of this side ought to be acquainted with the sound of their here shootin' iron of mine. It has spoken to the red critters a great number of times, and never talks without mournin' sometthin'. I'm pretty certain I've been doing mischief, and I fancy judgin' by the sounds which I heard, when you gives 'em your bites pill, that you'r injured the physical constitution of one on 'em, without killin' him."

"I have thought of another stratagem," replied Roland, "and I'll try it."

The young man took off his cap, but instead of placing it upon his driver, as his friend had done, passed it to the tree with his knife, at a distance from the ground corresponding with his own height, and in such a manner, that the highest breath of wind would cause it to vibrate to and fro.

Seeing what the object of this was, the hunter followed his example, and then both threw themselves upon the ground. The ruse worked well, when the ones among them who, in sight of the watchful foes, they were instantly fired at.

"Now let us creep for it," said Dunbar, in a low voice. "If we can but reach the hill in the rock behind us, we are safe. Let them amuse themselves with the caps, and be careful that you keep exactly in the range of the trees."

The parties without loss of time commenced this difficult and dangerous achievement, and after working themselves along on the ground for the space of fifteen minutes reached the rift.

Completely hidden from their enemy, assailants, who had lurked in the place they had so long occupied, they crept along the rocky channel into a cretice in the mountain's head, and then passed into the wide forest, leaving their red enemies in ignorance of their escape.

CHAPTER IV.

A SQUAD OF THE ROYAL GREENS.

Roland Montour and the scout now quickened their pace, rightly deeming it prudent to increase the distance between them and their enemies as much and as speedily as possible. Occasionally they heard a shot in the distance which assured them that the trail had not been discovered.

"I know a place of safety, I think, if we can only reach it," said the hunter. "At the foot of the highest of the mountains yonder there is a curious hiding-place, which I have passed many a night in fair and fair, and knows, I believe, to nobody on earth but me. You see, my friend, I've travelled these forests a good deal within the past three years, and have been in danger more than once, if the truth was known; but I always managed to escape, and I'm right in these things, and consequently but few people know the ups and downs I've experienced in life, especially with the varmints of the Six Nations. As for the Delawares, they are peaceable enough when let alone, for they don't care about fighting when there's other work to be done. The Iroquois have crowed them down and taken the darkey's part on 'em, so far as making war on them goes, of consarnsed. But as I was sayin', if we can get to the mountain over there, we shall be where they won't be likely to trouble us."

Montour made no rejoinder, and they hastened on in silence. At the explanation of two years they resided in a subterranean cave in the side of the mountain. This singular spot had been accidentally discovered by Dunbar while hunting, and it was so curiously adapted for fissure being observable only when one was in stooping posture, and then from one particular point of limited circumference—that there was little likelihood of its existence being known to others.

They passed the night there without molestation, and were on the point of leaving the place in the morning, when they were alarmed by seeing a small party of persons, in green uniform, passing by the spot at a distance of a hundred yards.

"There's some of Butler's Royal Greens, as true as I'm alive!" whispered Dunbar.

Roland Montour's quick eye had already discovered the approaching party, and was scanning them closely. He perceived that between two of the scouts of them, which a prisoner whose arms were pinioned, and he instantly called the attention of the scout to the fact.

"Look agin, and see if you can make out more nor one in that sad predicament," he returned.

"As they advance, I think I can see another captive, and I really believe it is a black," added Roland.

"Just look sharp and see if you know 'em."

"Devon and the faithful Cato!" exclaimed the young man.

"That's truer than I wish it was, Montour," rejoined Dunbar, mournfully.

"The fatal apathy of the people of Wyoming makes my blood boil with indignation. They take no measures to secure their safety, and seem to invite the vengeance of the Iroquois and the Royal Greens!" said Roland, in a low voice.

"Ah, yes! there's been my fault—for many a long day, and if we fall to entice the Delawares in our favor, we can do but little to save the valley."

"We can at least warn them of the treachery of Lannaway and Wintermute," resumed Roland. "We can, but they're so awfully infatuated, as 'twere, by the artifices of the loyalists, that it's no use if the greatest part on 'em wouldn't disbelieve it entirely, and give as the cold shoulder for our pains. See! what a fair chance for a shot—sight of 'em is off!"

"We must do something for the rescue of the prisoners, Dunbar. You know what very money is, and my conscience will reproach me if I do not make an effort in behalf of those brave men," replied Roland.

"I'm willin' to try, though the odds are agin us; but in sich a case I'm never backward, for it's my nature, as I may say, to be doin' sometthin' in that way."

The parties moved on and when opposite the place where our friends were so scarcely shelter'd, made a halt. It was obvious that they had had a weary night's work of it, and were glad to stop. They sat down on the ground and held a hurried consultation.

"Well, sergeant, what do you think the chance is of our getting out of their reach?" asked one of them.

"That depends altogether upon circumstances. If some men as I knew were there, we should have been overhauled after this time," was the reply.

"That's Sergeant Notes—a dyed in the wool tory; I used to know him well," whispered the young man to Dunbar.

"Who might them be?" continued the questioner.

"Dunbar, the scout is one—a panserein', sharp-eyed, dangerous chap as goes everywhere, and turns up afters when he aint wanted," added the sergeant.

"There's a compliment for you," said Roland, touching the hunter upon the arm.

"Listen, and you'll hear more of 'em pretty likely," was the response.

"Dunbar also rightly did first speaker, seemingly, "it appears to me that I've heered of him. Doesn't he shoot a rifle beyond all kind?"

"He'll bring down a feller as far as he can see him. Just give him a glimpse of a red-coat, and he'll fire at it, if he knows it's worth the powder and ball, and he's a tolerable good shot, I'm thinkin'. Dunbar's a sharpshooter, and he's a dreadful hater of tories. It was he that rescued the gal t'other night."

"Yes, I remember the case, we've got no time to lose, for Dunbar is as fleet as a deer and will beat Captain Brant himself on the trail."

"They say," resumed the other, "that this Montour is his equal in daring and all kinds of woodcraft and perilous work. You see he's got a sprinkin' of Injun blood, and when you come to mix the white and red together, it makes 'em uncommon wicked. I've heered tell that in the past three years, and have been in danger more than once, if the truth was known; but I always managed to escape, and I'm right in these things, and consequently but few people know the ups and downs I've experienced in life, especially with the varmints of the Six Nations. As for the Delawares, they are peaceable enough when let alone, for they don't care about fighting when there's other work to be done. The Iroquois have crowed them down and taken the darkey's part on 'em, so far as making war on them goes, of consarnsed. But as I was sayin', if we can get to the mountain over there, we shall be where they won't be likely to trouble us."

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This time the idea which this command involved, worked itself into the African's understanding, and without stopping to inquire the meaning of the warning whisper, he set off as a full run.

"There goes that confounded nigger!" shouted Sergeant Notes.

"Him and after him, you stupid idiots! give it to him! give it to him!"

Cato's arms were bound with a cord which maniefully retarded the freedom of his movements, but the eagerness of his pursuers assisted him to get rid of this annoyance in a singular way; a bullet struck the cord and severed it so that he had once more the use of those useful members, which his speed was much accelerated; for it running for his life was play an important.

In their anxiety to secure Cato, Devon was left quite alone; although for the credit of Sergeant Notes, we will say that he was first in the pursuit, but perceiving that his comrades had in their zeal forgotten the other prisoner, he stopped short for a few rods. Wishing to see out the affair ended, he tarried a moment to watch the chase, with his back turned toward Devon.

How many philosophers have done their best to make reckless morals comprehend the value of time, even in its fractional form of minutes and seconds; and during the brief period which the sergeant stood gazing at the pursuit, the young man had a striking proof of that constantly coming and going something which constitutes human life, whether measured by seconds or centuries; for while he was deliberating on the propriety of making an attempt to gain his liberty, he heard some one say:

"This way, Devon!"

Now the good man was so astonished at hearing this exhortation, or mandate, or whatever it may please to term it, that he did nothing but stare about him in a manner to indicate considerable wonder, mingled with an equal share of incredulity.

"This way, friend Devon," added the unseen monitor, in a more emphatic tone.

The person to whom this friendly admonition was addressed, mechanically moved in the direction of the voice, as he was ordered, yet without fully comprehending its exact import.

"Faster, man, faster. The sergeant will be back in an instant," was the next direction which he received; and he was then beginning to have a tolerably well-defined notion that a friend was in close proximity to the visitor; therefore he hastened toward the spot where the voice appeared to be.

He saw directly before him a huge rock, jutting out from the base of the mountain, seemingly as if the pillars and pillars ; but he could see nothing more until within three yards of its rugged front, when he discovered Dunbar's head and form a rift.

"Come on—give me your hand—sah, haven't the use of 'em—well, your arm will do as well," added the scout, and putting forth his heavy hand, he grasped Devon's arm and assisted him to clamber into the fissure.

"How you sah, sah," said Montour.

"God be praised!" exclaimed Devon.

"This I return is rather a lucky circumstance, neighbor. I'll just take another peep out to see where the sergeant is. He's comin' back pretty fast, I fancy. Sartin, he don't run quite havin' sich an awful temper, when he's mad, and things don't go to rain him."

The dark-faced sergeant drew near the spot where he had left Devon, he had a vague suspicion that he had departed without a formal permission. He stationed his pace, expecting to see him not far off, for he believed that a prisoner should scarcely depart from his charge. He looked in vain for his prisoner, and commenced running about in a fever of perplexity.

"Ye hilliw—cone of your mother!" he cried, thinking it possible that Devon was concealed somewhere in the vicinity. "Come out I say—what's the use of hoodin' me? I'm tired, in a very mild and persuasive way for him; but nobody "came out."

"Ye can't see him, nor him!" mustered Dunbar, setting his teeth hard together. "If it wasn't so much like murder, I'd send a ball crashing through his skull in a second. But murder I'm his isn't fit to appear before his Maker, and therefore I'll try and beat him him a spell longer, though the good Lord knows it's the same as pallin' teeth, to my natural disposition."

Dunbar ceased pulling such a responsible place in the Royal Greens, now waxed accordingly wrath and said a number of hard things, which it would not be proper to repeat here. Very naturally supposing, that if Devon had attempted to escape, he would as a matter of policy run in a direction wholly opposite to that which his pursuit now tended, he accordingly acted upon the thought and set off in that course.

One by one the persons came back, until all had returned but the sergeant; but Cato was not to be seen.

"I wonder where the sergeant is," said the corporal, who was pretty well blown.

"I shouldn't wonder if Devon had given him the slip," rejoined one of his companions. This reasonable conclusion appeared to carry general conviction; which was reduced to absolute certainty, when that officer at length made his appearance much out of breath and more out of temper. He came to a halt a little from their company and was cut short by the blunt but honest scout, who refused to listen to anything of that description.

"If I hadn't other things on my hands, I should follow them chaps and cut 'em off one by one; but it's time for me to go somewhere else," he said.

"To see the Delaware chief!" asked Roland, in a low voice.

Dunbar nodded assent and motioned to the former to follow him to one side, that he might confer with him privately.

"I'm goin' to find the Delaware chief, according to our original purpose, and see if we're anything to hope in that quarter. As Mr. Devon isn't perhaps so used to travelling the woods as we are, I reckon it would be best for you to take him the shortest way to the valley, in order that he may get back to his daughter to relieve her fears, which are naturally excited on his account. If you feel disposed, I'd recommend you to go with him a considerable distance, and if the idea suits you, come back to this spot and wait for me."

To this proposition, Montour readily assented, and soon set off with Devon. In silence he led the way until his companion began of his own accord to converse.

"If I am any judge of such matters, you are quite well versed in the mysteries of woodcraft," he observed.

"I think I have some knowledge of forest life, sir," replied Roland, modestly.

"And yet you are quite young!"

"Not so old but I hope to be older," he rejoined, with a smile.

"I presume you are somewhat acquainted with the art of border warfare!" resumed Devon.

"Too much, sir, too much acquainted with the awful details of war," was the reply.

"And so am I, young man. Our own valley presents many melancholy evidences of savage manned and partisan malignity," Devon added.

"As young as I am, sir, I hope to be, I have my share of adventure and suffering in this great struggle. Perils have often encompassed me on every hand. Ambushes have lurked for me in unexpected moments, and stretched forth his cold hand to grasp me, and Providence has so often interposed in my behalf, that I feel a confidence," resumed Montour, calmly.

"I have had many inquietudes, but I believe you have no friends in the valley, with the exception of Dunbar!"

A slight change passed over the young man's countenance, as he replied.

"None, Mr. Devon; but I imagine I may include my dear I know not where, sir. Ties have neither friend nor relative; I am alone—alone in the wilds, weary world."

"I trust that it may be said after to-day that you have no friends at Wyoming," continued Devon.

"Why not?"

"If you will deign to reckon myself and daughter as such, I trust you will consider yourself as the valley," said the old man, warmly.

"You do me much kindness, sir, and I thank you. I have seen your daughter, and I recovered from the effects of her fright!" remarked Roland, substantially.

"She was much affected over the affair, and is only, perhaps, a little paler than usual."

The two then proceeded to discuss the present condition of affairs, and the prospects and prospects assumed. Both agreed in regard to the enormous of the danger, and the need of an armed force to defend the settlement; but Montour did not feel at liberty to speak particularly in reference to the premeditated treachery of Lannaway and Wintermute, fearing that such communication might in some way prove detrimental to the plans which the scout and he had formed in case the approaching crisis; yet he ventured to throw out a few hints calculated to put the worthy Devon on his guard. Such a proceeding seemed and well-meant warnings would be received in the same good faith in which they were spoken, or be regarded as the emanation to injure the character of another, Roland had little means of knowing, for Devon grew thoughtful and made no reply.

When our hero had conducted him to a certain point where he was to leave him, and he would lose the trail, he left him, and turned toward the place where he was to meet the scout.

CHAPTER V.

A TEW CHARACTER.

As Montour advanced toward the place near the locality he was seeking, he was surprised at seeing the figure of a man standing within a few feet of the well-known rock, in a contemplative mode. He stood in a meditative attitude, absorbed, evidently, in contemplating the peaks of the distant mountains, as they were lit up by the dim illumination of the twilight hour, dimly against the skies. In person he was quite as tall as the scout, and somewhat more stout. His beard had not arrived to grow on both upper and under lip, and now presented to the view of the gazer a somewhat ludicrous appearance. His face was covered by a chapeau, with a broad brim, in some respects resembling a quaker hat, but having a conical crown. His hair was differed from the hunting frocks of the period—not unlike those worn by sailors made, and was secured by a band by large metal buttons. His leggins were similar to those in vogue. His right hand was thrust through the opening of his hunting frock, on that side, a powder horn was slung; upon the left hung a flask for water, covered with wicker-work—doubtless wrought by the Indians.

[THE ENGRAVING.]

His rifle was leaning against a rock at a short distance from him. After regarding him attentively for a few minutes, Roland approached him.

"Well, sir, I have kept you waiting of late, but seeing the young man his absent varnished at sent.

"So," he said, with a slightly foreign accent, "fortune throws a rival in my path again."

"Yes," replied Montour.

"How has it fared with you since we met?" he added, in a tone of pity.

"As usual, sir—well, indifferently, and badly; but, as you see, I still survive the ups and downs of life. I must not forget to express to you my sense of gratitude for the important service you rendered me at our last meeting."

"Gratitude?" exclaimed the other, sharply; "you owe me no gratitude."

"And why not? If my life is worth aught, then my debt is certainly honestly due."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DID YOU EVER!

BY ERNESTA A. FRENCH.

Say, did you ever a husband know,
Who was content to sit within doors all
Where he her fancy told him to,
Where he might be the weather,
And after walking many a mile,
Would sit with the approving smile,
And an enhancing word the while,
Pray, tell me, did you ever!

And did you ever know one yet,
Who would not frown, and fret, and fret,
And never be a passion got,
In the a whitest dress?
And should he bring a friend to dine,
One week of hash could serve him, and,
And never speak, or look sulkind,
Though had night be the dinner.

If such an one you chance to know,
We would esteem him for a "show,"
A pattern for a modern beau,
Of which we have full many.
If there are middle ends, I wean
Their number's "few and few between,"
And one believing, must be seen,
Pray, do you know of any!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE POWER OF GOLD.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

By the decaying embers of a wood fire, in the low-ceiled chamber of an old New England farm-house, sat, on a keen, cold January night, a young man who had just put aside his book, not from weariness, but because his solitary quietude had burned out in the socket, and who was now, in default of better employment, stirring the live coals with a pair of rusty tongs, and amusing himself idly with the strange, fantastic forms assumed by the glowing masses. Now, to his imagination, they pictured forth the glittering dome and spires, and minarets of an eastern city, glowing beneath the torrid decrees of an Indian sky, and he beheld the long caravan, laden with the wealth of "Ormus and of Ind," winding its slow way beneath the embattled pinnacles, and going to add its priceless treasures to the incalculable wealth of the nameless capital. Anon, the heap of ashes served for an image of a lone cave, with its gorgeous stores of diamond, topaz and rubies, its colossal gold and heaps of diamond ores. A vigorous fancy, a fine eye and the fairy vision dissolved. Again, it was a burning agglomeration of sand-hills, but every hill was a treasure-house, and the precious ores at which upheaved the massive burst forth on the surface in ruby and chalcedony and golden ore. The young man turned away as last, weary with his idle sport, and folded his arms; so did his organic fancy folded its wings, and he settled down into a contemplation of his actual position and prospects.

Perkins Wellford was the son of a New England farmer. Born in the pure air of the mountains, early inured to toil, his constitution was a sound one, and his frame robust; he might look forward to a good old age, of which his vigorous manhood gave a healthful promise. A mind, active and well-balanced, had received all the culture which circumstances had permitted. A few good books, scientific and literary, had been conned until every page was learned by heart. With the "book of books" Perkins was perfectly familiar; it was his earliest and latest daily reading.

For six months of the year he toiled manfully upon the farm; and during even this period his mind was not inactive. The fewer the hours he was able to devote to study, the keener the zest with which he applied himself to books, he availed himself of every moment of leisure. During the winter season, he taught a district school, learned occasionally, and had classes of pupils to whom, premeditatedly in the evenings, of which employments enabled him to lay by something towards the purchase of a farm; and the coming spring was to see him entire upon his possession with one for his companion whom he had loved for years with a sunny and rational affection. Such were his prospects; such his lot in life: to toil unremittingly till past the period of labor, and then, after a few years of feebleness, to pass away and be laid with his humble ancestry in the grave-yard, where the sun will forever shine, and there will be no leaves of autumn garmented the quiet dwelling of the dead. Such was the lot of Perkins Wellford, and he musing, it cheerfully, musing reading and reflection had told him that it was accomplished by happiness which rarely, in this world of compensation, attend the career of more distinguished mortals. But as philosophy is the assumed garment only of experience, there were times when the vivid fancy of Perkins revolted against this ignoble destiny. There were times when he sighed for a more brilliant lot, when quiet and health were outweighed in the balance by the glittering dross for which men struggle, sin and suffer. At such times how poor did his surroundings seem—the sordid garments, the hard fare, the slavish toil, the monotony of a daily recurring series of employments! Such a train of fancies was suggested by the glowing embers of a wood fire on a winter midnight.

Perkins was disposed to remain, when he visited his eyes, and behold, seated opposite to him, a middle-aged man in black, gazing quietly through his gold-bowed spectacles on the fleeting coals, and extending his hands in the glowing influence of the radiating heat. The young man stared, he scarcely knew why, at this midnight visitor was a total stranger, and so completely absorbed had he been, that the noise made by his guest's entrance had been entirely unheeded.

"A cold night, Mr. Perkins Wellford," said the stranger.

Perkins replied in the affirmative, and threw an armful of dry wood on the coals.

"You were so wrapped in thought when I came in," said the stranger, "that I could not think of disturbing you. It is an unusual hour to make a call in the country, I know, but business must be my apology."

Perkins bowed, for he was still too much surprised to speak.

"You didn't see my advertisement?" said the stranger.

"Your advertisement!"

The stranger drew from his coat pocket a newspaper, glanced at the inside columns for a moment, and then, having caught the paragraph he was searching for, folded the journal into a convenient form, and passed it to the young man, indicating the article he wished him to peruse.

Wellford read as follows:

"If Mr. Perkins Wellford, of —, Hampshire county, will call upon the subscriber, he will learn something to his advantage.—J. BLANCHFORD, Attorney at Law, No. —, Joy's Building, Boston."

"Mr. Blanchford, I presume," said the young man.

"The same," replied the stranger, bowing.

"You never received a copy of this paper, I presume?"

"Never."

"Yet I sent you one a month ago. However, what can we expect with our wretched and penurious mail arrangements! When you go to Congress, Mr. Wellford, you must make a stir about this post-office business."

"I in Congress!" said Wellford.

"We want you there, sir!" said the lawyer. "A man of your talents must not be lost to the nation. I think I can provide you a situation, that is, if your sentiments are of the right sort."

"I have never disguised my sentiments," said Wellford. "I belong to the party of the people. I have never stood against the party of wealth and privilege—aristocracy and—"

"Yes! yes! Mr. Wellford," interrupted the lawyer. "That's all very well for a poor man—but for a millionaire like you—"

"Mr. Blanchford," said Wellford, interrupting the lawyer in his turn, "if you come to me with insult my poverty, you had better withdraw immediately. I desire none of your company."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wellford," said the attorney, "I am really forgetting myself. Pray sir, did you ever hear of a great uncle of yours, named Simon Wellford?"

"I have heard of him—and saw him when a boy. But he left this place years ago, and went into business in Boston. He soon, I believe, dropped all connection with his relatives, and went abroad—to the East Indies, I believe. We have never heard any tidings of his success, may be dead, for aught we know or care—he is nothing to us."

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, "it was to give you intelligence of him, that I have taken this long journey to see you. He died—what was certainly a very singular and eccentric character, but not quite so heartless a man as you imagine. He left this region for Boston, with a view of bettering his fortune, but he always intended to return to it, and spend the remainder of his days among his family and friends. He said that when he had five thousand dollars, he would come back here, and marry a young girl he was attached to."

"She waited for him in vain," replied Wellford, bitterly. "Summer after summer—winter after winter, passed away, and he never came, never sent: and she withered away, passed from blooming youth to middle age, and died at last, disappointed and broken-hearted."

"My dear sir, if you interrupt me so many times, I shall never get to the end of my narrative," said the lawyer. "Your uncle was a respectable man—a very respectable man—but, he was a mortal. He died, leaving a few hundred dollars at a limit. He soon reached that: but the few thousand which once seemed a fortune to the poor boy, appeared to the shrewd, the active, ambitious business man. The talents developed in the accumulation of that five thousand, assured him a brilliant fortune. He died now, that he would go on till he had acquired twenty thousand. Arrived at twenty thousand, he would halt as one satisfied that everything he had a hundred thousand, nothing short of a million would satisfy him. You see, my dear sir, he was no gambler. He trusted nothing to chance—all his speculations were based on mathematical certainties. Ah! sir! he had a great head. He went abroad, and came back with a million, and a diseased liver."

"What is all that to me, sir?" inquired Wellford, pausing, for the hour was growing late.

"Everything, my dear sir, everything," replied the attorney, energetically. "It is to you your uncle was a man of very enlarged views. If you think he had been accumulating all this immense wealth for the sole spirit of an egotist or miser, you are very much mistaken in your appreciation of his character. The world thought so—but the world judged him. Mr. Wellford, your uncle never gave away a penny—but he refused a beggar from principle. 'This man who gives away his money, your money, sir, much would say, 'is no philanthropist. These small gifts are not charities. They are like water between its single drops upon an anti-sun, which can only be benefited by a deluge. The single drops instantly evaporate—the deluge defies the tongue-lengths.' His large brain was a great laboratory of beneficent schemes—full of hospitals, schools, colleges, churches, model farms and libraries. His calculations were all admirable, and the only figure he missed, was leaving out of the estimate the certainty of his own death."

"He is dead, then?"

"Perfectly, I assure you. He died with all his schemes unaccomplished. His life of self-denial, and toil, and expectation, the forgetfulness of his early love, availed him not. Poor rich man nothing. It was in his last moments, when the vanity of human projects stared him in the face, when it was too late for him to commit to paper the mighty plans with which his mind was teeming, that he thought of you. He knew you by reputation—excellent, well-principled, talented. 'Blanchford,' said he, 'tell the boy all you know of me and my projects. He is one, whom of all others I feel that I can trust. He principles are as stern and unyielding as the hidden or Plymouth rock. Wealth will not dazzle him. He knows it to be the mammon, and not the god. He will begin as I close my career. I give him the way to be happier in its possession than I have been in its acquisition.' Mr. Perkins Wellford, I give you joy. You are more than a millionaire."

The young man rose and walked the chamber with rapid strides. From time to time he glanced in the mirror to see if he recognized his own features—to the stranger, to see if he was really a bodily presence—to the homely furniture of the apartment, to see if he was not the victim of some strange phantasy. He sat down again, and tried to realize his situation.

"At last!" he exclaimed, "I am rich—rich beyond the wildest dreams of the wildest hours of my youth. I must wake my father and mother, and inform them of my fortune."

"By no means," said the lawyer. "You must come with me. Your presence is required at Boston. There is a note to your mother, saying that you were summoned away on business, and will return in a few days. I have a sleigh at the door to take us to the railway station."

"But there is no train leaves at this hour of the night."

"You forget that money can do anything," said the lawyer, smiling. "The road was clear—so I engaged an express-engine and a special to take us to Boston."

"But I must have time to pack up my clothes."

"Pooh! you can furnish yourself in Boston—you must wear fine linen and brocade cloth, now."

"That's true," said the young man, glancing disdainfully at his homespun garments. "I am lucky I'm going to travel in the night; I should be sorry to have anybody see me in this dress."

"Well, sir, I wish you joy, and I'm waiting before the tycoons!

The young man, which he left on his table, informing his parents that he had been suddenly called away, and was going to Boston on an important business, and bidding his sweetheart, and begged them to communicate the information to Hannah (the name of the adored.) They passed in the moonlight unnoticed, and with his fur-cloth cap, and announced himself as the diagonal of his new found friend.

The sleigh was waiting, and left the house softly. The stars were shining overhead in the blue vault in omnibus constellations: they resembled Wellford's wealth in scattered diamonds embroidered on a velvet canopy. But lately, his poetic fancy would have found a better simile, and would have called up a fairer image, but imagination, and the symbols of worldly riches were the highest standard. A splendid horse stood harnessed in a far-land sleigh. The moment he was loose, he sprang forward like a meteor, and soon the red light of the sleigh was before them on the shining rails. They sprung from the sleigh into a warm car—the bell rang, and they dashed into the darkness like a meteor clawing a path through chaos. Away! away! they flew at forty miles the hour—yet all too slow for the impatient of the hour. At last, however, the black profile of the city sharply cut the sparkling sky, and the car rolled into a large and nearly stationless. They were transferred to a two-horse sleigh, and dashed through the silent, icy streets. The driver reined up before the door of the west end, commanding a view of the common and the surrounding country, and the young man, with a servant in livery: and the lawyer and his client were shown into a drawing-room, warmed to summer heat.

The young man sat down in silence upon the table, where, among the massive silver plate, sparkled goblets of cut glass, flanking curiously wrought fruit-baskets of chased silver and silver.

"You needn't wait," said the lawyer to the servant, "we can help ourselves. I'll show Mr. Wellford to his chamber. Mr. Wellford, I'll give you some turkey and oyster sauce. A hundred miles on a night like this, gives one an appetite."

"So it does, my boy," said Wellford. "It makes one thirsty, too—and though I once did say that I would never drink wine, yet I think a little for the stomach's sake no harm." And the speaker helped himself to a glass.

"Don't drink too much champagne," said the lawyer—after filling Wellford's glass a second time, and taking a glass of the sparkling, and prescribe a better medicine—Burgundy!"

"Burgundy! so be it!" said Wellford. "Your health, sir!"

The night wore on—or rather the morning.

"I have had enough," said Wellford, at last, pushing back his glass and plate. "I'm getting sleepy."

"Ah! you don't know the art of living, I see," said the lawyer, wishing portentously through his dazzling spectacles that seemed to grow larger and larger, as Wellford gazed on them. "The theory that enough is as good as a feast, is well enough for a poor man, but millionaires must have more than enough. You can eat and drink no more you say. Now, I'll show you the virtue of a devilled turkey drumstick and a tumbler of my *sec plus ultra nectar*."

"A warmer, more delicious liquid, I never with confidence, was smoking on Wellford's plate, and he devoured it with a keen relish. While he was so doing, the young lawyer was compounding a fiery concoction of lime-juice, loaf sugar, Glenfiddick, Curaoca, champagne and Burgundy. He proffered it to the parched lips of the millionaire. The latter swallowed it as a draught—after which he babbled incoherently of his uncle, his future plans, his new house, horses, theatres and operas, and then signified his intention of going to bed.

Also! in contemplating this resolution he recalled the spirit of his new *friend*. This express riding is so apt to make one dizzy! As they were up the splendid spiral staircase, along the secret of which, stood, in niches of the wall, beautiful marble statues, holding lamps of antique model, Wellford muttered:

"This they, is a turning staircase—and is so charming that you may lead being turned. I will twist it in the morning, I hope."

Mr. J. Blanchford, attorney-at-law, obsequiously performed the duties of a valet-de-chamber, and Mr. Perkins Wellford had no sooner rolled himself under the elder-down coverlets, than he fell fast asleep.

The next day he awoke late, for heavy damask curtains made a twilight in his gorgeous chamber long ago. A long space around the room bewildered him—he closed his eyes, but opened them again on the same scene. He was in a strange place, then. He rang the bell, and a liveried servant appeared with hot water, towels, and assist him in the duties of the toilet. After this, he descended to the breakfast room, where an elegantly dressed old lady, much more in the gentlemanly than any female he had ever seen, announced herself as the housekeeper, and he passed in review a little array of assistant servants. This done, he sat down to breakfast, and wondered that he had no appetite.

After breakfast, came Blatchford, with red papers for a business session. In the course of that day, Wellford acquired a general notion of the extent of his wealth, and the nature of his investments. He had really secured the management of the property. The next few days were employed in receiving calls from those who had paid no immediate attention in all cities of the globe.

Among the most fascinating of Wellford's new acquaintances, was Mr. Felix D'Orsay Lorence, a young gentleman who had no income, but, as the fashion in dress, drove the handsomest turn-out upon the neck, and figured as the *ordre dispositions* of the world of fashion. Under his auspices, Wellford became a dandy, an amateur of fast horses, a billiard player; in a word, a thorough rose. His mood degradation was the work of but a fortnight.

Meanwhile, his return home was delayed from day to day. Now he had a dinner engagement with some friends, now to try—now an invitation to the soiree of a beautiful French countess, who was passing the winter in Boston. At last the idea of going home was abandoned. He would write to his parents to come to town. This idea occurred him as soon as it occurred—Blanchford, too, scented it—the old folks must be kept at home—they were not presentable. In the early days of his prosperity, Wellford had sent congratulation from his Hannah, breathing genuine, unselfish affection in every line. He showed it to Blanchford.

The lawyer smiled sarcastically. "'Tis very clear she thinks of nothing but your money." "Yet, if you were a poor man still, she wouldn't have written such a letter as this."

Wellford entirely coincided with his friend. And yet he was a profound knowledge of human nature!

One day he was told a gentleman wanted to see him in the drawing-room. He kept the visitor waiting half an hour, and when he entered the room was more astonished the intruder to see his father; with his well-known drab hat, claret colored surtout, corduroy trousers and cowhide boots.

"What brought you down, sir?" said Wellford, shaking hands with him, with poorly-simulated cordiality. "They be seated, sir."

"I haven't a minute to lose," said the old man, gravely. "You must come with me, your mother is dangerously sick—and she begged you would come to her at once. The cars leave in twenty minutes."

"I'm so sorry," said Wellford, "for I have company to dine—people who can't be disappointed. Wont the evening train do, sir?"

"No, sir!" thundered the old man, with a frown. "I tell you your mother is dangerously sick—perhaps dying at this moment."

"What's her disorder?"

"A malignant fever," said the old man.

"Wellford turned pale. "Are you sure you haven't got the infection, sir?"

"No, sir, I am not sure, for I have been exposed to it—but I care it. My place is where your is—by her bedside."

"I'll go in the evening train," faltered Wellford. "As the measures may make matters as comfortable as you can. Here's some money to buy whatever is wanted."

Old Wellford dashed the proffered purse to the ground. "We are not beggars, you unnatural wretch!" he exclaimed. "We have enough our own—and only ask of you a little gratitude and love!" Then softening, and with contending features, for old man approached his son, and added, "O, Perkins! by the love your mother bore you—by the tender care with which she watched over your infancy, I conjure you to grant her—her perhaps dying request." And he sought to lay his hand upon his son's shoulder.

"Pray, keep off, sir!" said Wellford, applying his smelling bottle to his nose. "Who knows but what you have the fever yourself!"

"What! have you grown a coward, too?" cried the old man, in a tone of the deepest scorn.

"Hark!" cried Wellford. "There's a ring at the door. Pray, come away, sir—come up into my room. The servants shall bring you some dinner."

"He is ashamed of his own father!" cried the old man, raising his eyes to heaven. "God pity him! I shall come more—will you come?"

"The next train," faltered Wellford.

"Say yes so!" cried the old man. "Then stay here and dine. Wont you not—and may the curse of a broken-hearted father rest upon your head!"

The indignant old man left the drawing-room, but not until Mr. Felix D'Orsay Lorimer had entered. The dandy surveyed the retiring patriarch through his glass.

"Gend Gad!" he exclaimed, as he threw himself upon the divan. "What a horrible old creature! Faces whose menagerie did he escape? What an odor of grained leather dressed with fish oil did he leave behind him! Really, you must fumigate the apartment, or the exile fellows, who have weaker nerves than I, will faint. Who was the creature, Perkins?"

"An old townsman of mine," answered Wellford, his cheeks the color of the carmine sofa.

"You're sure he was no relative?"

"How absurd!" said Wellford.

"Because I thought," pursued the dandy, "that the horrid creature, terrifically frightful as he was, yet bore some faint resemblance to yourself, *mon cher*."

The essence of other scents diverted the dandy's attention, and spared Wellford the trouble of a prevarication. They sat down to dinner, Wellford mentally resolving to apologize to the guests at the cloth of the entertainment, and take the consequences for them. But when the hour came he had forgotten his resolve—he was inanimated!

The next day he heard that his mother was no more. In two days afterwards he learned that his father had died of the same disorder. Will it be believed that the young man, being he only thought of the danger he had escaped in not visiting the infected house?

What sort person could it answer, did I trace in detail, a career of dissipation, heartlessness and crime; and show by what successive steps, a noble-hearted fortune, made up of rectitude, melted away in frantic follies, till the millionaire became worse than a beggar? When the last cent had gone, when the last false friend had refused the trifling loan requested by the ruined man, he was called upon to pay the price, yet more imperious call for alcoholic stimulant, induced Wellford to commit a robbery. His waking, maddened brain prompted his arm to pick a pocket; he was seized, and thrown into jail. A night of horror and delirium followed—a lifeless, shapeless-peopled chamber, from which he was aroused by a rough hand.

"Perkins! wake up! you've been sleeping in your clothes all night, and your fire has gone out long ago!" cried the cheery voice of his father.

Wellford started to his feet, and rubbed his eyes. He had, he knew, been dreaming of wealth, as it sparkled on the frosty panes of the old window, and told him that he had been dreaming.

"Hannah!" he exclaimed fervently, "that I am a poor man!"

"A curious cause for blessing!" said the old farmer.

"No, father; you would say so, if you'd had such a dream as I've had. I shall never forget it as long as I live, and I don't think I shall sleep in my chair again very soon. How's mother?"

"Lively as a lark—and breakfast's waiting. Come, wash yourself, and be spry; for we've some business to talk over. Hannah and I promised to give Hannah a sleigh ride this afternoon."

Wellford in due time became Mrs. Wellford, and when, "once upon a time," who was foolish enough to wish they were as rich as 'squire Spankins, her husband Sighsaunt, may be ambitious dealers, by relating his dream.

AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

We had a long and very interesting interview yesterday, with Captain John Oliver, of the steamer Hansard, which arrived in this port some days since from Liverpool, consigned to Messrs. Ardrie & Co. The captain is a veteran English tar, who has followed the sea since he was ten years of age, in the year 1772, and has consequently lived on the wave ninety-three years. He tells us he has been in every quarter of the globe, except Greenland. He has traversed the Atlantic over forty divisions, has been up the Pacific as far as the 52d parallel, has sailed the Mediterranean, has traversed the Gulf of Mexico, and the Indian ocean; he has doubled Cape Horn, and doubled Cape of Good Hope; has visited Canton, Van Dieman's Land, and the Sandwich Islands, has been cast by pirates, taken prisoner by the French and Americans, indeed, he has, in short, seen much of this world, and experienced as many adventures, as any man living, as he himself remarked, his life, if written out, would read "as well as a novel." Yet, long as his career had been, and hard and toilsome as it must have been, in many vicissitudes, he never made but two impressions upon him. His hair, which is quite dark, is but slightly sprinkled with the silvery memento which time leaves behind him, and his face, though marked with the inevitable wrinkled footprints, is ruddy, healthy, and full of expressive of perfect health and strength.—*Sectional Republican.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SMILE OF AFFECTION.

BY J. ASPHO.

In the realm of affection no sunny can wend
Every sentiment dear to the heart;
By the glance of an eye, we can truly unend
All the language the mouth may impart.
For, believe me, those brows where hatred are sincere,
Where love reigns, and affection is true,
Though the tongue may be silent, the sentiment's clear
By the heart, who answered by the eye.

I could once boast a heart free from love's fatal snare,
Till endeared by the glance of thine eye;
Oh! she sky thine smile, I was undone
For I knew not the engine was so sigh.
By a look, thou, in sport, I was prisoned,
With thine glow on thy heart, love, for mine!
Let thy answer, sweet girl, through thine eyes be sent
And to me 'twill be language divine.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

We find the following in an exchange, and as it is by no means the first time we have heard of the cure of croup by the same remedy, we have no hesitation in publishing it:

"My wife and I were aroused about two o'clock by the struggling of our little boy, about two years old, who was laboring under a violent attack of the croup. His breathing was so difficult as to arouse persons who were sleeping in a room beyond the hall. I hastily filled a kettle, slipped it into coal water, and applied it to his throat and breast. I then folded a sheet to the proper size, wet it and wrapped a blanket over that. He went to sleep in three minutes, and slept till five o'clock, when he got up, was dressed, and went to play, in three hours after the attack, and was never injured at the curative powers of cold water."

There is in jealousy more of selfdom, than of love.—*Richelieu.*

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

NATHAN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

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CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"A Yankee at the Decatur," a sketch, by the Old Tar. "The Moorish Captives; a Tale of the Bilidda Ages," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

"The Explorer's Bride," a story, by L. Wilmer.

"The Spirit Lovers; a legend of the Cherokees," by Harry Ard.

"Jack in April," verses, by Rufus L. Graves.

"Ellen Lee," a tale, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

"Contentment," lines, by Wm. W. Gilbert.

"Heaven not for the Dead," lines, by Mary E. Dearborn.

"The Rebbeth Bell," lines, by Sylvia A. Forbes.

"An Invocation to Hope," by C. D. Wilkins.

"Bailey Smith the Lyre," by J. W. Bratch.

ARTICLES ENCLOSED.

"The Parting Hour," "Lines to Spring," "To Maria," "Lines written in a Graveyard," "My Lost Brother," "Lines written on the Death of Mrs. Hemans," "Lines on the Death of a Babe," "The Mariner's Call," "The Professor of Singing."

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Not many years ago, the division line between town and country was very strongly marked. At five miles distance from the Old State House in Boston, and the City Hall in New York, you were in the country; at double that distance your connection with the city ceased, and you were to all intents and purposes a rustic. A man was in those days called upon to be between a country and a city life; he could no more smile the two than he could ride two horses at the same time; a fast widely first separated attempt with any comfort to themselves, always excepting professional riders in the ring. Few men living ten miles from town, thought of doing business in the city, for they had only the choice of the stagecoach, or the expense and trouble of keeping a horse, or rather two horses, for ten miles a day is quite enough for any one animal to perform.

The comparative advantages of town and country were then strictly weighed; on the one side, the advantages of society, refined amusements, exhibitions, lectures, libraries, theatres, music and galleries of paintings; on the other, green fields, flowers, spotting, riding and fishing. Literary people, at the time we refer to, preferably affected the town; they could not endure the deprivation of books, and literary society and its belongings. Even the bum and bustle of the city could not divert their minds from reflection, as soon becomes habit even by the roar of Niagara, when domesticated within earshot of the Falls. To all men of intellect, taste, and refinement, the city was the centre of attraction. Only farmers and sportsmen, and broken merchants, and men tired of life, thought of passing to the outer verge of the charmed circle which then separated town and country. Many persons who are fond of rural pursuits and flowers and fine crops and animals, could not bring their minds to give up the advantages of a town residence, and could for hours and days, in preference to green fields and smiling hedge-rows.

It remained for steam and railroads to accomplish a complete revolution in our domestic life; to unite town and country in indissoluble bonds, to enable those who had rural seat when tastes to indulge both, without the slightest sacrifice to either. The slow coach was taken off the road, and left to go to wreck and ruin in some cob-webbed shed; the coach horses were sold for training or farm work; the coachman became coachmaster or express agent; and the merchant who thought Brookline or Brighton too far from his business, bought a palace at Worcester or Dedham. The line of demarkation was erased, the glories of the country dawned upon the townpeople, and the attractions of the city were placed within the reach of the country folk.

Fashion went out of town by rail, and rustic meeting-houses were gladdened on Sundays by the display of the same fancy dress hats and bonnet exhibited in the metropolis. Then was man first enabled to assume a dual character, to sell stock in State Street in the morning, and to sow "herd's top" in the country of an afternoon. The intellectual character of the country was up directly fifty per c-nt. Lyceums took the place of debating societies, for the best city lectures coming town in the afternoon, could hold forth the same evening fifty miles from the city. Wealth and refinement flowed out, and flowers and fresh flowed into town. Books and newspapers were exported, and strawberries and dahlias imported. Both have been gainers by this exchange; crops weary of brick walks and trotting pavements, vizzas have been opened through green woods, and the panorama of mountain and valley, sunset and streamlet, has been fully unrolled.

Fancy might almost make the huge iron engine that has wrought these marvels a sentient being, and view it, personified, as an enormous missionary, the colporteur of civilization, uniting in its labor to extend knowledge, refinement, sentiment, elegance and enterprise, crowding each day with new triumphs and blessings.

Returning home.—There were seventy-five passengers on board the steamer Star of the West from California, for the Boston Old Colony. Thus the sons of Maine are returning from their long pilgrimages to the homes of their childhood, and to those they love.

Hamp.—Thirty thousand men are employed in the United States in iron casting; twenty-five thousand in the manufacture of pig iron; and fourteen thousand in wrought iron.

Remarkable.—The bottom of Lake Huron, where the water is 420 feet deep, is above the level of the Atlantic Ocean.

WAR IN THE EAST.

It is really a very solemn thing to realize the peculiar state of political matters in Europe and the East. At the present moment three of the most powerful nations in the world are engaged in warfare with each other, and peace, which has lasted for a period of thirty years, now with the exception of civil commotions—is now at an end. The duration and result of this war no man can foretell, but that it must be sanguine, and protracted, seems plain to any one acquainted with the snake at issue. England and France have been slow to declare war, but driven to it, they have at last done so, and now they will sustain their position with energy.

The impudent hypocrisy of Russia deserves to be thoroughly chastized, and we most heartily wish it may be done; its conquest should be abolished, and his ambition quenched. The integrity of the Turkish empire should be vouchsafed to the Mussulmans, and Sebastopol should be taught that strength does not always lie in numbers. England and France have drawn the sword in earnest—no half measures will satisfy either, if there will be no child's play on sea and shore. Russia may destroy light-houses and buoys, but there are plenty of ships that are independent of either, in their knowledge. She may march million armies of men and ten hundred thousand men, and yet a third of their number of English and French will whip them.

The brave Circassians—my mean enemy—have been aroused from their lethargy, and with a fresh supply of arms and ammunition, are annoying the Russian troops, killing their officers, and taking many prisoners. The brave Fins are uneasy, and will rise against the Russians on long, if the Allies do forgive their wrongs; and with such a complication of enemies at home and abroad, Russia will be kept pretty busy, to put down the Turks. We can only look for great emulation between the French and English, who will strive to engage each other, and will thus be kept from operations on the Russian ranks. God speed the right!

THE CZAR.

The Czar of Russia's dress and conversation are then described—His costume is invariable, being always the same, rather resembling a living distinguishes him from the officers of his army, unless it be his tall figure and his commanding face. He does not allow any of his officers to dress in plain clothes, and only assumes them himself when abroad. The Emperor Nicholas has inherited the antipathy and hatred of his ancestors for beards and long hair. Except his moustache, he shows no signs of growth of most blackly-bearded individuals in his empire, all persons connected with the civil administration are obliged to shave off every particle of hair on their faces. The army alone wears the moustache and imperial. The nobility and free citizens may wear whiskers, but not a hair on the bottom of the ear. The Czar himself personally watches over, besides causing others to do the same, the scrupulous observance of these regulations.

AN ANCIENT BOOK.

The oldest book in the United States, it is said, is a manuscript Bible in the possession of Dr. Witherspoon, of Alabama, written over a thousand years ago! He describes it as follows: "The book is strongly bound in boards of the old English oak, and with thongs, by which the leaves are also well bound together. The leaves are entirely parchment, of a texture and delicacy quite equal to the finest and smoothest little inferior to the best satin. The pages are all ruled with gum arabic, and written with great conformity and beauty in the old German text hand, and divided off into chapters and verses. The first letter of every book in the Bible is written with a large capital of inimitable beauty, and splendidly illuminated with red, blue and black ink, still in vivid colors; and no one of the capital letters in the book are precisely alike."

If it wasn't for the Drink.—"O if it was not for the drink," says the poor Irish woman who appears at the police court, or before the judges to implore mercy for the brutal husband, who, in his drunken madness has abused her; and all our prisons, penitentiaries, almshouses, refuges, are filled with wretches who, "if it were not for the drink," would be kind, provident husbands and fathers, and good citizens and citizens, but who, because of "the drink," are the terror and shame of their families and nuisances to society.

State of the West.—Illinois could make forty such States as Rhode Island, and Minnesota sixty. Missouri is larger than all New England. Ohio exceeds either Ireland or Scotland, and equals Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland together. Missouri is more than half as large as Italy and larger than Denmark. Missouri and Illinois are larger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

Privateering.—The Washington Globe, speaking of the system of privateering, says that public sentiment in this country is overwhelmingly against it. A similar opinion has been expressed by almost every journal in the Union.

Cholera out West.—The Steamer Belle Key, which recently arrived at Cairo, had fifteen cases of cholera, between that point and New Orleans. In one family alone, six deaths had occurred.

Ice at Sea.—The packet ships from across the Atlantic, continue to report any quantity of ice—some, indeed, the old captains say, than was ever known before, so early in the season.

The Norwegians.—A large Norwegian colony has recently been established in Mitchell county, Iowa.

A Business Transaction.—The man who had "conscientious scruples" has traded them to a druggist for *drams.*

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The citizens of Taunton have voted to raise $14,000 for schools the present year.

There are five thousand eight hundred dogs in Toledo.

A new German theatre is about to be built at New York.

Coolness, though a virtue in soda water and cream, is not in manners and coffee.

Hirsoline for starving Kaladas. Before taken to be well shaken.

Why is a rheumatism like a clothes? Because it stands the pains.

Is there any harm in a fellow's sitting down in the lapse of age?

England has 250 ocean steamers that may be used for war purposes.

A pipe-maker of the Revolutionary War has been painted by Alfred Hart of Connecticut.

The turpentine business has been resumed in North Carolina, with considerable activity.

The wife of Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen lately died at New Brunswick, N. J.

Recent Russian journals report a decline in breadstuffs in England.

A gang of counterfeiters with implements and spurious gold coin has been caught in N. York.

It is said that 14,000 persons are about to emigrate from Norway and Sweden to the south.

The bill for the sale of the Pennsylvania public works has passed the Legislature of that State.

The entire students in Harvard University, at its present, 699.

Hon. John Davis, formerly Governor of Massachusetts, recently died at Worcester.

The bills of Castleton Bank, Vt., are not received at the Suffolk Bank, Boston.

The New Jersey Railroad have placed a car on their route for the exclusive use of ladies.

England exported last year four hundred thousand barrels of ale.

THE SOUTHERN WILDS.

Mr. Barlett, United States Superintendent of the Mexican Boundary Commission, recently read before the Historical Society, of New York, a highly interesting paper on the fauna of nature and animal life in the interior of North America: "One of the animals most frequently met with by the party was that known as the prairie dog, which he stated had an affinity whatever to the dog tribe, but is closely allied to the marmot. These animals, which, in would seem, are gregarious, excavate burrows and raise little mounds over them, and congregate in numbers in the vicinity of the entrance of their towns, as their collections of burrows are called, was said to number from a dozen to many miles through the plain, and, as the burrows are of considerable calculation, have contained at least thirty million of animals. Rattlesnakes sometimes occupy these burrows, but one of the closest intimates of the prairie dog is the little brown owl, which sometimes also was seized for its host, but makes the latter pay dearly for its service. It is probable that the purpose of this bird in thus connecting with the dogs, is to pray on the junior members of the canine community. Another animal that frequently intrudes into these burrows, is the rattlesnake, which also preys extensively on the young dogs. Deer and antelopes are often so numerous in these plains, they cease to be an amusement. One of the greatest peculiarities of the desert, is the nature of its vegetation, which appears to be all in miniature. The largest plant met by the party was a species of cactus, the stem of which, sometimes three feet in diameter, often rises to a height of 20 feet, the branches being thick and short, and set so regularly on the trunk as to give the plant the appearance of an enormous candelabrum."

Significant.—Ignorance pays such a tax that we are more than half inclined to call it a blockhead. McCracken works for a dollar a day, while Spring, his neighbor, commands twenty dollars. Ignorance, and ease, and by Springs knowing how to read, write and cipher, "pays" for Spring; it will be seen that McCracken's want of knowledge costs him four hundred dollars a year, which shows ignorance to be more expensive than his wife and children, house-rent inclusive.

New Line of European Packets.—The Evening Gazette learns that it is the intention of Mr. Donald McKay, in connection with other capitalists, to form a new line of European packets, composed of eight ships of 2200 tons each, and the whole to be afloat within two years. The commencement of the operations will be the Great Junction Railroad at East Boston, is to thought would make a splendid depot for a line of packets.

Superstition of the Turks.—English cotton shirts, on which the concise contents of the Koran are roughly printed in blue, are now worn by the Turkish camp. They are eagerly bought up at tenfold their value, as the Turkish soldiers attach to those talismanic extracts the gift of making the wearer invulnerable in battle.

Chinese Tribute.—The pirates on the coast of China are vexedly taxed by their operations, and as they entertain an idea that vessels from California have a large amount of treasure on board, they have given watchfulness to protect being enjoyed by them.

Brooklyn Navy Yard.—The press Independence and frigate Congress could be sent to sea in a week if they had crews. The former carries six hundred and the latter five hundred men.

Tax in Mexico.—Santa Anna has levied a tax varying from one to thirty-three dollars per month, on windows of doors facing the street, in the city of Mexico.

Very reasonable.—A New York judge has decided that a man cannot be sued for assault or damages for kissing a pretty girl.

Clock Trade.—More than half the clocks made in Connecticut are sent to England.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

For the present week embraces the following contents:—

"The Last Found: a legend of Assington," by Henry Wm. Herbert.

"Two Portraits of Winfield Lilly," by Mrs. E. Wirt Sewell.

"Jessie Cameron; a Tale of the Wars of Cromwell," by Charles E. Wyzeman.

"Rosa and Rosalind," No. 4, by B. B. de Lara.

"Lost and Found," verses, by Charles H. Stuart.

"A Poem," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

"To my Mother," lines, by Rebecca S. Pierce.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give this week, a portrait of John J. Audubon, the celebrated ornithologist, accompanied with an engraving of illustration of the subject of this scientific naturalist. Five representations of views in the Park of Prince Herman Pückler Muskau; first, a picture of the Chinese Bridge; second, the Ladies' Pond; third, Gothic Bridge; fourth, Shed, with a representation of Lake Lucy; fourth, the Conservatory; and, fifth, the Fingo at Home, in the Park.

Best view of the Giant's Causeway, the world-renowned wonder of Ireland, in Antrim.

An engraving of the Phœnix at Sea.

A view of Valley Farm, together with General Washington's Head-Quarters, during the Revolution.

An engraving of the Ingraham, and a representation of the steamer Cadmus, Lemon, of which he is commander, at the Sandwich Islands, on the Pacific Ocean.

A picture of the Philadelphia Exchange, getting also the Omnibus Depot, with a part of Dock Street.

A representation of the Sacramental Communion Table, (extant) Marriage by Philadelphia merchants, for illegitimate services during the perilous week of the San Francisco.

☞ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

Foreign Items.

Gaunaut is lecturing in England.

Mazzini is reported to be in Switzerland.

The whole French army of 63,000 is now in Turkey.

Parks has been said to be the hell of horses, the purgatory of husbands, and the paradise of women.

The emperor and empress of the French are said to be frequent visitors at the homes of the Paris rogues.

Swedish papers report that thirty thousand Russians were employed in cutting a channel in the ice from Cronstadt to Sweaborg.

We do not learn that the indelicate fashion set on Vienna, by a French countess, of receiving visits in bed, is generally followed.

Mr. Bennett, the journalist, is now the introduction of steamboats into that country, died in Constantinople lately, at the age of 80.

There are ten or twelve frightful cases of lip, nose and face cancer in Vienna, which cannot be cured, and are rendered more hopeless by the cancer, which is the result of the attempt to cure them.

A series of lectures on Photo-Micrometer were being delivered, at the latest accounts, in Singapore, to the great wonder of the inhabitants.

Thurgis, the French ambassador at Madrid, whom our ambassador Soule shot in the leg, has been recalled by his government. Meanwhile, Soule is said to be a favorite with the queen.

The Turks are said to be growing, since men in every troop of the English army destined for Turkey have been inoculated, cowardly, that five thousand men would have behind two thousand five hundred wives, and between five and six thousand children.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

We confide our secrets in friendship—but they escape us in love.—*De Cour.*

Life is the eye of mind, and as the mind is long by day, how can the fountain of this sun be dark?—*Lavater.*

. . . Philosophy triumphs easily over past and future evils, but the present evils triumph over philosophy.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

. . . Better to expose ourselves to ingratitude, than fail in assisting the unfortunate.—*La Cour.*

. . . Penetration has an air of divination, which flatters our vanity more than all the other graces of the mind.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

. . . A child's existence is a bright, soft element of joy—out of which, as in Prospero's Island, wonder either wonder bodies itself forth, to search for other beings.

. . . A man burns forth his passion against a woman who loves him no more, and is consoled; but a woman is more slow to forsake, but long remains inconsolable.—*La Bruyere.*

. . . The least one can wish of even the most criminal of our passions; but envy is a blind and selfish passion, that we do not acknowledge.—*Rochefoucauld.*

. . . It seems to me that the spirit of politeness is a certain exercise in causing that, by our words and by our manners, others may be content with us and with themselves.—*La Bruyere.*

. . . Knowledge has been deemed long enough an argument for a gentleman to wear a sword; it is time it should be known as a sex whose beams, their power of the mountain tops, penetrate into profoundest valleys.—*Mathes.*

. . . We have found some of the best judges of white say, that it was not those who played best by the true laws of the game that would win at whist, but those who had the luck to fall in the fates of others; and I am sure it is true of the great game of the world.—*Greville.*

Joker's Budget.

Women are seldom sailors, but they sometimes command smacks.

Good-nature is well called a *fabric*; but bad cloth is a *fabrication.*

The best thing to take after being intoxicated, is something never to be dipsy again.

An engraving of a churchyard may be a grave subject—but the text of it is a prayer?

A man caught in a railroad collision remarked, that presence of mind is good, but absence of body was better.

Royalty makes the fashions. In England it is one of fashion to wear moustaches. The queen don't wear any.

A sewer opened near in Lynn, declares that if he had only an inch more of happiness he would be happy.

The most revolutionary article is bread, for on the least rumor of an outbreak, it is invariably the first to go in crisis.

A servant-maid, who was occupied in pickling her mistress's preserves, took the opportunity of cabbaging her mistress's pickles, saying it made them taste better.

A son of the Emerald Isle having been told that the price of potatoes had risen, he exclaimed, "This is the first time I ever felt grieved at the rise of my best friend."

A write in a New York paper describing a young lady, says: "She has a large blue eye, features purely Grecian, lips that embashed like bind honeycomb, and—" but that's enough.

A Western editor has such an antipathy to the new doctrine of spiritualism, that he will no longer have his paper printed on a sheet of medium size, and objects to having it enveloped in "wrappers."

Gulli and Brissors.

The Leverett street jail estate is to be improved for the building of a first class hotel, by a company of capitalists, who consider that the probable eventual termination of three obstructs upon Causeway street, will make the site a favorable one.

A young man, calling himself George Smith, arrived at Syracuse from some place unknown, on Monday week, passed several spurious bills on Tuesday, was arrested on Wednesday, tried Thursday, and on Friday sent down to Auburn prison for five years.

They are now building in New York, 4 steamships, 3 steamships, 15 packet ships, 3 propellers, 3 schooners, 1 brig, 1 yacht, and 1 pilot boat, 29 in all. Their tonnage amounts to 30,343 tons, and their estimated value is about $2,527,000.

George Washington Parke Custis has addressed a letter to General Pierce, informing him of his desire to deposit in the national archives the papers relating to his grandfather Washington in the days of the revolution.

A Mrs. Lahy has received $2000 damages of the Hudson River Railroad Co., for personal injuries received by the overturning of her hack knocked down by one of the cars some months since.

A patent has been taken out to extract the green from fine leaves, which has been found from long experience, to be the cause of all the headaches which are carried home from dinner parties.

A handsome firestone monument to the memory of General David Wooster, who was fatally wounded at Ridgefield in 1777, while bravely repulsing the British, has been erected at Danbury, Ct.

The citizens of Norwich, Ct., have subscribed the large sum of seventy-five thousand dollars for the building and equipment of a free high school in that city.

A bill is before the Virginia legislature for the compulsory removal of the free blacks now living in that State. There is said to be over fifty thousand of these delicacies in Virginia.

A little girl, daughter of John Kyle, of Indianapolis, Ind., died in consequence of a few days since by her little brother while playing with a sharp tomahawk in her father's shop.

A couple of half-brained young fellows fought at Sand's Island, near New York, on the 25th ult., half-naked, with a knife, in the presence of consumer, neither of them having been injured.

The Calendar for 1856 is now in the hands of the bay, and boatmen have passed through the canal in the month of January, ready to be shipped at Saltarie for New Orleans.

The total amount of exports of the city of Boston for the fiscal year beginning in May, are estimated at $3,206,000, of which $1,267,500 is to be raised by taxation.

David Richards has received $1500 damages of the town of Bethlehem, Ct., N. Y., for injuries sustained by Mrs. Richards, in consequence of a defective highway.

The "Know Nothings" are said to number seventeen hundred in Wallingford, Ct. In Philadelphia we have heard them estimated at ten thousand.

Crime is on the increase in New York city. Indictments are now pending against ten persons in New York for the crime of murder.

E. G. Sherwin, who pleaded guilty, at Clarksville, Va., to mail robbery, has been sent to the penitentiary for ten years.

In Mexico, everything is supposed to be an ex-president, who wears a clean shirt and keeps his hands washed.

Another lightbouse is about to be placed on Minot's ledge. The former one, constructed of iron, was swept away in a storm.

About a century ago the marriages in London were made at the rate of a year, they are now four times as many.

The export of tea from Shanghai is about three and a half millions less than at the same time last year.

They have a "Sere Head" ticket in Providence. Politics is the mother of many a queer whole.

The California papers abound in the usual amount of murders, fatal affrays, and duels.

They are having fine sleighing now in many sections of Vermont and Maine.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Daniel B. Thompson to Miss Margaret S. Connolly.

By Rev. Mr. Hedge, Mr. Charles Ingersoll to Miss Ada J. Sigler.

By Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. Charles A. Curtis to Miss Catherine Cameron.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Edward A. Sandoll to Miss Mary E. L. Blanchard.

By Rev. Mr. Dennis, Mr. Daniel H. Tighe to Miss Adeline Ryan.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Edward Kingbury to Miss Rebecca C. Sage.

By Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Thomas Ellis to Miss Mary Ann Ellis.

By Rev. Mr. Goldthwait, Mr. Alfred F. Hayes to Miss Caroline Cummings.

By Rev. Mr. Hedge, Mr. Thomas Bowker, Jr. to Miss Mary Ann Bowker.

In Medford, by Rev. Mr. Marvin, Mr. William H. Fitz to Miss Harriet A. Brooks.

In Dorchester, by Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. William G. Forster to Miss Nancy Harris Hart.

In Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Dean, Mr. Nehemiah C. Reed to Miss Amelia F. Bailey.

In Milton, by Rev. Mr. Leonard, Mr. George H. Dyer, of Boston, to Miss Rosa Bradford.

In Salem, by Rev. Dr. Emerson, Mr. Charles H. Lewis to Miss Lucy Ann Ward.

In Andover, by Rev. Mr. Richardson, Mr. John H. Farnham to Miss Mary A. Ingalls.

In Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Dana, Mr. Joseph H. Walker to Miss Emma S. Trott.

In Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Kelly, Mr. Horace Thompson to Miss L. Ann M. Nichols.

Deaths.

In this city, Anna, daughter of the late Benjamin and Mary Sumner, of Hampton, Mass., 85. Mrs. Mary Ann Bailey, widow of the late Capt. Ichabod Bailey, 80. Mr. Hannah Lock, 50. Mrs. Susanna B. Curtiss, 60. Inglis Sullivan Gordon, Esq., late Secretary of State, 63. Mr. Kinvin Fenlingham, 32.

In Charlestown, Mrs. Isabella Dean, 80; Mr. Thomas Murray, 72.

At West Cambridge, Mr. Adam Quinn, 50.

At South Reading, Mrs. Lucy H. Pearson, 50.

At Dorchester, Mrs. Sally Pierce, 75.

At Roxbury, Mr. Jos. Ellis, 75.

At Brimfield, Mrs. Mary Ann Ely, 25.

At Lexington, Miss Abigail Marrett, 93.

At Malden, Mr. Abiel Sargent, 78; Mrs. Mary B. Williams, 39.

At Medford, Mrs. Abigail Brooks, 54; Mrs. Caroline B. Farrington, 40.

At Marblehead, Mr. John B. Grafton, 35; Mr. Robert Ward, 80.

At Danvers, Mrs. Lucy D. Gaston, 55; Mrs. Content P. Symonds, 60.

At Salem, Mrs. Mary B. Howard, 39.

At Newburyport, Mr. Joseph Webster, 80; Miss Sarah A. Sawyer, 20; Mr. William F. Brown, 40; Mrs. Mr. Edmund Davis, 50.

At Ipswich, Mr. Sally Kimball, 71.

At Lawrence, Mrs. Charlotte Hardy, 27.

At Haverhill, Mr. Joseph Webster, 80; Miss Sarah A. daughter of the late Edmund and Cynthia Chase, 17; Miss Sarah H., daughter of Daniel and Betsey Hoyt, 18.

At Bangor, Mrs. Mary Ann Bailey, 50.

At Newburyport, Mr. Thomas Merrill Osgood, 24.

At Lynn, Mr. Jos. Tarbox, 80.

At Lowell, Miss Eugenia Marie Hazelhurst, 21.

At North Marblehead, Miss Louisa B. Phillips, 23.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SHADOWS.

BY LUCRE A. WOODSIDE.

Let us sit beneath the oak tree,
While we watch the falling day
Still succeeding with the shadows
That encompass all the way;
In the moon I watched the triumph
Of the sun in yonder sky,
But methinks his power is waning—
Shadows are his fellows, why.

Ay, I see he is retreating
From his bright but hollow sphere,
And his fairy-footed minions
Rear their monarch in his lair;
Round him press his glittering banners,
Snowy they defied their king;
But in vain his lodge his crowns
Which at noonless over they fling.

See you host of stealthy shadows
Gliding, coiling, here and there;
Swelling from behind the forest
Even the phantoms of the air.
Now they're creeping by herself and
Where the day-god went in day;
They will seize his crimson banner
But he yield his lance aye.

Ay, they have it—and the night queen
Now with holiness descends near;
Or her brow a bright diadem,
Young from earlier sphere.
Now she's matching pearls in her tresses,
You pale moon doth light her on;
Hence her to the lake—bell mirror
Her dark beauty till the morn.

Now the wood is full of shadows,
But they're banished all by glee;
Like grim warriors, they have fledgeled
Every sagacious from the tree.
Or if there, they're hushed and silent,
And they dare not raise a voice;
If a youngling chance to hide,
Quickly do they hush its noise.

But when comes the primely morning,
With its hamper dazzling light,
Gladly will the stalking shadows
To the rocks and mountains fly.
For they dare not visit the coming
Of the glorious god of day;
He would slab them in the glooming,
Turn them to their phantom gray.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

EDITH HERBERT'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

Let me know my trespass
By the seen visage.—WARREN'S TALES.

HAD you not, dear Myra, expected of me a precise and daily diary, whence Mary Selwyn would make a few cursory jottings for your perusal, I believe that irremediably, as your brother John says, I am affected with the ennuiee ad-hoc-bedi, I should not only a single page of the smooth, black heavy, pressly bound in purple morocco I had provided for the purpose. Not that I am conscious of any decay of affection towards you, but because my thoughts are so divided among a multiplicity of objects, that I find it difficult to gather them together, and concentrate them on any one in particular. Being convinced, however, that if I indulge in such a vague, unstated state of mind, it will ultimately lead to that degree of idiotism and consequent vacuity of thought which is the legitimate parent of ennui—a malady more to be deprecated even, than the one with which you have laughed mades himself so merry at my expense—I have, at last, resolutely seated myself at my table, with my writing materials before me, and determined so atone for my delinquency.

As you know, my dear Myra, though I have often spent weeks at a time in our New England metropolis, this is my first visit to the great commercial emporium. The pressing invitation I received from the Selwyns is probably owing to Mr. Selwyn having as an early period received from my father some pecuniary assistance, that enabled him to take the first step towards amassing the wealthiest merchants in the city.

Mrs. Selwyn and Anne, the eldest daughter, received me with politeness, and Mr. Selwyn with unmistakable cordiality; while Florence, who has not yet "come out," and who, as I believe I mentioned to you in one of my letters, spent a few weeks at our house last summer, manifested such an exuberance of pleasure, as to incur a twinkling look from her sister, who, in a suppressed voice, said to her mother, that Florence would never learn to restrain her childish impulsiveness.

"Well, Anne," said Florence, who as well as myself, overheard the remark, "when I am glad I don't know how I am to help expressing so."

"Don't try to help it," said her father, with a smile.

Were it not that both Mr. Selwyn and Florence appear so well pleased with having me here, at first, I believed I should not be at all content, and as it is, I do not yet begin to realize anything like a home feeling.

As Mrs. Selwyn and Anne have ample means to gratify their expensive tastes, their large house, which is worthy of being called a palace, is furnished throughout in the most magnificent and costly manner. Still, though everything is in a style so splendid and so luxurious, in the sense which I understand the word, there is little comfort.

There are many hours in the twenty-four when the weather is such that they can either make our receive calls, and when there is nothing to hold, you, my dear, have of amusement to look forward to in the evening, which, with Mrs. Selwyn and Anne, appear to drag so heavily, that I begin to imagine they would prefer to have them annihilated.

Judging by a few slight, yet what to me appear tokens of sufficient significance, I do not think that either of them would feel at all sorry if something should take place which would make it necessary for me to shorten my visit. I would gladly gratify them, but as there seems to be no likelihood that anything will turn up, to furnish a decent excuse for my returning home before the expiration of the time specified when I first arrived, I have made up my mind to be as blind to these tokens as I can.

Among the gentlemen who most frequently call, is one by the name of Lindon. He is a decided favorite of all the family, and I think there is a kind of tacit understanding among them, that he would be an eligible match for Anne. He is certainly well looking, his manners are elegant and pleasing, and what is of no little importance in the fashionable world, he always dresses with perfect taste. All these advantages, with a handsome fortune at his command, make him much courted in the higher circles. They are distinctions which all can appreciate, but as to those qualities, either mental or moral, which go to form a gentleman, I cannot according to my usual propensity, I have made his a study, I cannot, as yet, arrive at any very satisfactory conclusion.

As for Anne, with all her critical acumen in such matters, and she is by no means deficient, though a little over-awed by herself and the other members of the family, unless I am much mistaken, she misapprehends all the nicer shades of his character, which constitute true individuality.

A few days ago he mentioned that he had that morning received a letter from an old college friend who had just returned from the South, where he had been residing several years. He had only the day previous arrived at his native place, and told Lindon that he might expect to see him within two or three days after the receipt of his letter.

"What is his name," inquired Mrs. Selwyn.

"Wilton de Vere," replied Lindon.

"I like that name," said Florence, "so does Anne, I guess; it sounds so aristocratic. Is he handsome?"

"That is a question more easily asked than answered," said Lindon. "I consider beauty a matter of taste. A set of features which would strike one person as beautiful, might appear plain to another, and even disagreeable."

"But what is your opinion?" said Florence.

"I believe I shall not tell you," he replied: "for when we hear said of another many times, we unconsciously have some effect on ourselves, and I should like to have you and the other ladies present judge of my friend De Vere without being biased either for or against him."

"Well, if you were give your opinion about his looks," persisted Florence, notwithstanding a look of reproof from her mother, "I suppose you will have no objection to telling whether he is rich or poor, for I should suppose he would be in ever so handsome, I must not fall in love with him, you know, if he is poor."

"Mr. Lindon, and Mrs. Selwyn," I hope you will bear in mind that Florence is, as yet, nothing but a school-girl, and as such, takes the liberty to express herself in a very unfashionable manner, besides claiming privileges which she would not tolerate, had she been introduced into society."

"I am not certain," said Lindon, "that Florence is not right in making some inquiries of those from while she can. Those who, like her, are of a fresh, free nature, will necessarily chafe more or less at the restrictions imposed on society, till they become accustomed to its artificial restraint."

As he ceased speaking, his eyes met those of Florence.

"Pardon me," said he, "I cause your forgiving to answer your questions. Mr. Wilton de Vere, I am sorry to say, is poor. His only wealth consists in his profession, which is that of the law."

"Thank you, Mr. Lindon," said Florence, with an arch look: "I shall now be on my guard, if you should invite him to call with you, otherwise, as I am not yet in society, I shall not be likely to meet him."

"I shall avail myself of an early opportunity to bring him hither—that is with your permission," said Lindon, bowing to Mrs. Selwyn and Anne.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Selwyn. "A friend of yours cannot be otherwise than welcome."

"This remark being generously seconded by Anne, Lindon turned to me.

"Miss Herbert," said he, "I have been thinking, while speaking of my friend De Vere, that there is a resemblance between you and him. It is possible that you are the cousin I need often to hear speak of when we were at college?"

"I have no cousin by that name," I replied, "nor any connection that I am aware of."

"It is one of those singular resemblances then, which we sometimes meet with, I suppose," said he; "and after all, the similarity may be in the expression, rather than in the form of the features."

"If Mr. de Vere looks like Edith, I am sure he is handsome," said Florence; "that is according to my taste. Now if you had only told us what you thought of his looks, you would have been fairly caught—we should know exactly what you think about Edith's."

"Your inference, though it may hold good in most cases, is not infallible. I, however, will not pursue the subject, as I can see no way by which I can extricate myself from some difficulty in which I have unwittingly involved myself; for were I now to say that I thought my friend somewhat hard-faced, I might have the imputation of rudeness; while on the other hand, to affirm he were an Adonis, would be flattery too palpable to venture on in the present instance."

A smile, slightly sarcastic, hovered for a moment on the red lips of Anne, which I imagine was not unobserved by Lindon. For my own part, much to my surprise, I was conscious that a deep blush suffused not only my cheeks but my whole face, even to the roses of my hair. The reason why, I could hardly tell. It might have been partly because I suspected he thought me very plain, and partly owing to the covert compliment contained in his words, which conveyed the idea that open and direct flattery would be distasteful to me.

Mr. Lindon soon afterwards took leave, and when I retired to my room, I could not forbear quite a critical examination of my face and figure in the glass, which confirmed me in the opinion, that when compared with Anne, I was barely passable.

We had all several days previously, received cards to attend a party at Mrs. Milman's. She is a rich widow, young and beautiful, as I have already remarked, and is a great favorite with all the gentlemen. I also found by the manner in which they were spoken of, that her personal attractions did not particularly recommend her to their very kind consideration.

As everything is to be there—that is, everybody that is anybody in the estimation of those who consider themselves as the elite—Anne has not yet been able to make up her mind, relative to the choice of a dress. She will, however, be compelled to decide soon, as her dressmaker has to get the dress, which she intends to wear, made a dress for Miss Selwyn in a hurry, as the wearer will be sure to attract so much attention, that any fault would at once be noticed, and consequently injure her reputation as an artist. Anne has therefore concluded to go and hold a consultation with her elder sisterwoman, and this morning will be devoted to shopping.

As for myself, I cannot select anything very expensive, and as one except Florence manifests the least solicitude about it. I don't suppose, as I am their guest, that either Mrs. Selwyn or Anne would wish to have me ill-dressed; beyond that I do not think they much care.

*

Anne has at last decided on a blue embroidered tulle, to be worn over blue satin. The appearance of Lindon has given them a interested glad with gold, and united by a coronet of diamonds. As she is a blonde, this dress will be very becoming, and I think she will be quite satisfied with her choice. My own dress of India muslin will look quite plain and simple comparatively.

I have seen Wilton de Vere. He called with Mr. Lindon as rather an early hour—so early that I was still at her toilet, and as Mrs. Selwyn had gone out, no one was in the drawing-room except Florence and myself.

"But what a sure enough Edith," said Florence. "I believe I shall not tell you," he replied: "for when we hear said of another many times, unconsciously have some effect on ourselves, and I should like to have you and the other ladies present judge of my friend De Vere without being biased either for or against him."

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Mr. Lindon soon afterwards took leave, and when I retired to my room, I could not forbear quite a critical examination of my face and figure. It was not long, however, before I heard Lindon's name mentioned, and looking up, I saw him approaching the spot where I was. Anne had already been invited to dance, as I thought it was very natural that he should remain near me and engage in conversation; but it did not appear to me quite so natural that Wilton de Vere, whom I saw standing near the door, should keep aloof, as he had called at Mr. Selwyn's almost every day after his first introduction, and that very morning he had overtaken me during a walk, and when we parted, told me that he hoped to have the pleasure in the evening, of introducing me to Mrs. Lawrence, whose acquaintance, he said, "he thought I should be pleased to cultivate." Yet there he stood, without even looking at me, though I was so near he could not fail to know that I was present.

A lady nearly opposite me, so attracted my attention on account of the sweetness and intelligence of her countenance, that I inquired of Mr. Lindon who she was.

"That is Mrs. Lawrence," he replied; "and is, I have been told, a very amiable and accomplished woman."

I half suspected that it was she before I inquired her name, and now, when I found I was right in my conjecture, and recalled to mind the allusion made to her by De Vere, my surprise at the pains which he evidently took to avoid any apparent notice of me was not diminished. I could think of nothing I had either said or done to occasion any wish on his part to shun me, and as I had never seen him in a more pleasant or social mood than during our last interview, I began to think he was of the temperament of that uncomfortable class who are subject to what is often termed "odd spells," a man lady which I have observed is liable to assail its victims at all times and seasons.

A gentleman of my acquaintance now approached me and invited me to dance. I at once accepted his invitation.

"I intended to be the first to invite you to dance," said Lindon; "but by deferring to request the favor, I have verified the truth of the adage, that delays are dangerous. I can only hope that you will so far excuse my remissness as to accept me for a partner in the next cotillion."

I signified my assent, and although as I felt no claim for his once where the dancers were assembled, I was obliged to pass so near Wilton de Vere, that the skirts of my dress swept against him. Lindon is much the taller, consequently in my proximity. As we were taking our places on the floor, I saw that Lindon had covered his face with a smile, and that after the dance commenced, I noticed De Vere, with Mrs. Lawrence leaning on his arm, standing near the door earnestly engaged in conversation. Anne looked radiantly beautiful, and when, at the close of the cotillion Lindon led her to a seat, and she received the bouquet I have alluded to, from the hand of a young friend into whose lap she had thrown it when she accepted his invitation, she said carelessly, looking at Lindon as she spoke:

"Though these flowers are very charming, and are enough with perfect taste, the dressed was either careless, or did not understand the harmony of colors, otherwise, he would have selected different ones to go with such a dress as this!"

"He might not know what kind of a dress you intended to wear," said Lindon. "If he did, I agree with you."

By the manner in which this was said, even more than by the words themselves, it was quite evident that the bouquet was not his gift. Though nothing more was said about it, I could see that Anne was disappointed. She had been sure that it was a present from Lindon, and I now suspected more strongly than I ever had before, that she secretly preferred him above all her admirers.

Having according to my engagement danced with Lindon, and being a little fatigued, I removed from the seat to which he handed me to one in the recess of a window, a little apart from the gay groups around me. Though without at first being aware of it, the single drapery of the window concealed me from the view of those near the door. In a few moments I recognized the voices of Lindon and De Vere, who were so near me, that though they spoke in suppressed tones, I could not avoid hearing what they said.

"I assure thee I misunderstood you," said Lindon. "I thought those flowers which Mrs. Lawrence insisted that you should select from her conservatory, were intended for Miss Herbert."

"You did not misunderstand me," said Wilton de Vere.

"Then you merely changed your mind?"

"There you are wrong again."

"How comes it then, that Miss Selwyn has the flowers, instead of Miss Herbert?"

"Of that I am as much in the dark as yourself," said he.

"There must have been some misunderstanding," said Lindon.

"I don't know how, for there was a slip of paper wound round the stem of the bouquet, on which, besides Miss Herbert's name, were written a few words which could not be misconstrued. I moreover charged the servant to whom I handed it, to place it on a table in Miss Herbert's room."

"At any rate the accompanying billet must have escaped Miss Herbert's notice."

"I hardly think so, for though not very conspicuous, any one who paid the least attention to the arrangement of the flowers, could not have failed to discover it."

"It cannot be," said Lindon, "that Miss Herbert removed the note so as to give Miss Selwyn the impression that the bouquet was intended for her."

"I cannot tell," De Vere replied, "yet I must confess that I am unable to account for it in any way whatever, which is not derogatory to Miss Herbert."

"Do tell," said Lindon, "be too precipitate in your conclusions. I think if all could be explained, Miss Herbert would be exonerated from all blame."

De Vere was prevented from replying suddenly, by the approach of some gentlemen and ladies, but a slight shrug of his shoulders, which I saw as I emerged from my place of concealment, where I had been an involuntary listener, was quite as expressive of his incredulity as words could have been.

I was not sorry to have heard what I did, as otherwise I might never have been able to account for De Vere's so studiously avoiding me. Now, when I found that he supposed I had not only rejected his gift, but imagined I had descended to a tit of low intrigue, which if it had any object must have been to deceive Lindon as Anne, I could not blame him, though I confess, I thought he "put too fine a point on it."

I think I must have appeared rather absent-minded during the remainder of my stay in the brilliant assembly, for I could not keep my thoughts from dwelling on some plan by which an explanation could be brought about relative to the flowers which had been productive of so much misunderstanding. At last, all, Anne was the true cause of it, for taking it for granted that the bouquet had been sent to her—in her eagerness to appropriate it, she had snatched it from my hand, giving me no time to examine the flowers, and thus preventing me from discovering the piece of paper round the stem of the moss-rose.

Anne is not very fond of flowers, and now that she was satisfied that the bouquet had not been sent by Lindon, it appeared, in her estimation, of little or no value. Had I not stated that she was invited to dance she tossed it almost scornfully as it appeared to me, on a table, and I felt sorry for it, withal, that it narrowly escaped falling to the floor.

No one had asked me to dance since Lindon invited Anne, and I thought it was for neighs, rather than aggrieved by it. I had my eye on the bouquet, and had just concluded that I would venture on it in order to ascertain if the piece of paper alluded to by De Vere was with, As I was about to rise for that purpose, Mr. Lawrence, who had sitting alone since he quitched, came to me, and as he stood chatting in his pleasant, familiar way, I saw Lindon go the table and take the bouquet, which he examined very carelessly. He returned it to the table, leaning over it, and seemed to be examining it up, he joined Mr. Selwyn and myself. I confess that I felt glad when in a minute or two afterwards, I saw Lindon approach and to a group of gentlemen, who, by a few words that reached him, he found were discussing some topic in which he was supposed to be interested. Lindon remained silent and apparently irresolute for a short time after he left us. He then handed me his bouquet, saying, as he did so:

"There is a slip of paper wound round the stem of the moss-rose which was intended for Miss Herbert, and I thought it might be just as well to place it out of the reach of another, as there will be danger of its being, unless you take this opportunity to remove it."

"Are you certain that it was intended for me?" said I, thinking as I took it would make strange of it. The next moment however, I altered my mind and told him how, without any intention on my part, I had overheard what De Vere had said on the subject by him and De Vere. My confession caused his color to heighten a little, and I fear, I thought that he could not be been quite so guarded in some of his expressions, as he would have been had he known that I was a listener.

"You cannot hesitate to remove the note," said he, when I had finished, "for as you see, it is not of a nature to be seen by all."

As he finished speaking he bowed and left me, and with trembling hands I hastened to remove the note, which I found to contain the bouquet to the place where it had been left by Anne. The note contained these words:

"Though I have been trying to flatter myself that you do not regard me with entire indifference, it is a question I am unable to decide. Let the manner in which you receive my floral gift be my answer. WILTON DE VERE."

Do not smile when I tell you that the pleasure which this note gave me, more than compensated me for the unhappiness I had experienced during the evening on account of De Vere's neglect. But how to act him right concerning the flowers, I was at a loss to know.

Lindon again came to my aid. He found opportunity to say to me, that he had taken the liberty to explain the affair to De Vere, as far as he was able.

"Whatever remains unexplained," he added, "you will have a chance to do if you wish, tomorrow, as my friend intends to call on you."

When Anne and Florence came to go home I noticed that she had not the bouquet, and returned to remind her of it.

"It's of no consequence," said she. "It is not worth going for."

"I am sure it is," I replied. "I have seen you once or twice admire it, and I can well see, "If you think so, you are quite welcome to it," said she.

But I went and took it from the table, whence Anne had never once removed it since she threw it there with such a disdainful carelessness.

*

Wilton de Vere called in the morning, and as he inquired particularly for me, Mrs. Selwyn and her daughters did not make their appearance. He made a very long call, and Florence afterward told me, though I had the impression that it was quite a short one. At any rate there was time for him to offer me his hand, and I accepted his offer, although I did not then know as I do now, that he had a rich uncle in the South, who had only a few years before married a lady from a present of one of the most splendid mansions in New York, besides enough bank stock to yield a handsome annual income. But this will not prevent De Vere from attending strictly to his profession. He likes it too well to think of relinquishing it.

When Anne first found we were engaged, she told me that she supposed I was romantic enough to imagine that love in a cottage would be very fine.

"It may or it may not be, according to the

cumstances," I replied; "though I do not expect to be called on to prove either its truth or falsity."

"No, there is no prospect of it at present," said Mr. Lindon, who had entered unperceived by Anne, "for though Wilton de Vere was poor man when I first introduced him to your acquaintance, he has since then become rich."

"He thinks so without doubt," said Anne, "and he is not the first to place a high estimate on the intrinsic value of a bride elect. For my own part, I prefer wealth which is more available."

"And such is the kind I alluded to," said Lindon, and he then mentioned the circumstances I have already related.

Mrs. Selwyn and Anne congratulated me, though somewhat coldly, while Florence in imagination was selecting the furniture for the "crescent bonbdir," where she intended to spend hours and hours with me.

"Were you only two years older, dear Florence," said Lindon, taking her hand, "I would try to persuade you to be the mistress of a bonbdir, where you would permit no sometone to enter. Should I wait the two years, Florence, do you think you could be persuaded to preside over a certain establishment, which, though it now wants a look of coldness and grandeur, by your presence, be rendered warm, bright and home-like?"

Florence, to whom this was as unexpected as it was to the rest of us, covered her face with her hands, and murmured some unintelligible reply, while Anne, with anger sparkling in her eyes, left the room.

"Is the glamour I have presented to your mind an unpleasant one?" he asked.

"O no, indeed, but—"

"I shall wait the expiration of the two years patiently—that is, if you have no objection," said he, addressing Mrs. Selwyn. "I spoke to Mr. Selwyn this morning."

"I of course can have no objection," she replied, "except that Florence is mere child."

"She will be eighteen,—I believe, in two years."

"Yes, she will," answered Mrs. Selwyn, and Lindon, with a countenance radiant with pleasure, took leave.

I am glad of this, my dear Myra, for Florence, as I am now convinced, though she was unconscious of it, till put upon reflection by a request so unexpected, has long regarded Lindon with an affection which her parity and depth, her more showy sister is incapable of.

Anne would have accepted Lindon, no doubt, if she had had the opportunity, not because she entertained for him any very lively preference, but because he would have surrounded her with the splendor and luxury attainable only by wealth.

Next Monday, a week from to-day, I expect to start for home, as quite unexpectedly, Mr. Selwyn has business which will oblige him to go within a few miles of there. I have much to say to you about Wilton de Vere, which I will reserve for a personal interview, as I expect that you will come and spend, at least, six weeks with me. These, my cursory jottings will reach you several days before I arrive home.

Six months after Edith Herbert left the city, she returned to find a permanent residence, as the bride of Wilton de Vere, when Florence had the pleasure of assisting to furnish her friend's boudoir with real furniture instead of imaginary, and said on a former occasion, and where subsequently they spent together many a pleasant hour.

When the long winter evenings came, De Vere often sat with them. Not unfrequently, Lindon was added to the little party, whose home, when he had visited the two years, was cheered by the presence of Florence, who if less splendid, was far lovelier than Anne, who about the same time was led to the altar by one, whose chief recommendation was his riches.

WAR IN THE EAST.

We took the paper from Mrs. Partington's hands. She had bought the fourth edition with "all about the war" in it, as proclaimed by an urchin—one of those who always have some almost daily brought to our door. Turning to the new documents he read—"The Emperor of Russia has ordered all the boys serving as guides to be enlisted in the Baltic to be removed previous to the arrival of the British fleet." "Isaac," said Mrs. Partington, laying her finger on his knee and interrupting him, with a smile, "there was not when a little lad (mind the lie, after all the calumnt and excrescence that has been heaped upon him. He has ordered the boys to be removed so that they should n't get hurt in the war. He must be a good gentleman as a rule." "He wouldn't get me out of the Baltic," said Mr. Partington, laying her hand on his knee and interrupting him, with a smile, "there was not when a little lad (mind the lie, after all the calumnt and excrescence that has been heaped upon him. He has ordered the boys to be removed so that they should n't get hurt in the war. He must be a good gentleman as a rule." "He wouldn't get me out of the Baltic," said Mr. Jedd, laying his hand and bending up his bags fist. "I'd hide away somewhere where I could peek out and see the fun." "Ah, Isaac," said the dame, gravely, "we isn't every boy's play, and wishes we'd never have to reason to him!" She discontinued here, as the vision of war's horrors, in spite of its Kossuth's countrymen, passed before her mind's eye, and her, whose motions of mere ease, filled with martial music, red plumes and guns, indulgin' in rosum speculations whether the Russian's army was as good looking as the first regiment of Massachusetts volunteer militia.—*Boston Post.*

MAGNITUDE OF RUSSIA.

Russia is the greatest unbroken empire for extent than ever existed, occupying vast regions of Europe and Asia, and nearly one-sixth of habitable globe. It is forty-one times the size of France, and one hundred and twenty times that of England. Yet it was too small for the ambition of Alexander, who is reported to have said, "I must upon having the Baltic to skate upon, the Caspian for a bathing place, the Black Sea as a well-hand basin, and the North Pacific Ocean as a fish-pond. He encroached on Turkey for a province, on Persia and Georgia for a vineyard, on Turkey for a garden, on Poland for a farm, on Finland and Lapland as a hunting-ground, and took part of North America as a place of banishment for offenders.—*Home Journal.*

It is sad to love without a large fortune, which may give us the means of blessing the one we love, and of rendering her so happy that she may have no more wishes to make.—*De Coux.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SILVER FETTERS.

BY MRS. E. T. MUTRIE.

[Richard the first, on his expedition to the Holy Land, was driven on the coast of Cyprus. Isaac, prince of Cyprus, received the English king with hospitality, but committed other acts of violence, for which Richard took ample vengeance. The Greek prince being thrown into prison, and loaded with irons, complained of the little regard with which he was treated.—upon which Richard, to mollify the prisoner, ordered his fetters of silver exceeding pleasant with the distinction, expressed a sense of the generosity of his conqueror.]

"I sit, cast the Greek in prison, and chains of iron bring; And yet these curses, in fetters, that have cast insult a king! Thus speaks the 'lion-hearted,' and rage gleamed from the eye:

"My wrongs call loud for vengeance,—In chains then let him lie!"

In fetters strong they bound him, who dared to stake his hand

Against Richard, on his mission to free the Holy Land; So in the gloomy prison, the fettered captive lay,

And there in weak complaining he wore the time away.

"For me to be thus treated,—O bitter, burning shame! Of what avail my kingdom, my princely state, and name? My royal blood is tainted! Base iron on my hands! Who knows but love-born mesalde have worn these bands!

The blood of kings and monarchs is coursing in my veins, And, like a slave, they've bound me with heavy iron chains!

I would, even in my prison, be treated like a king—Unfettered as princes, or princess—never my fetters fling!"

They brought these words to Richard,—the monarch laughed outright,—

"Now curse not, prince of Cyprus!—Glow of silver pure and bright,

And free thee in his prison; for by the crown I wear His royal frame no other than royal chains shall wear.

The blood of kings and monarchs more pleasantly may flow

Beneath chains of burnished silver—then in your captive go.

And tell this King Richard, so mindful of his state, Would treat him as beneath a prince so wise and great."

They went unto his prison, unlocked his iron bands, And clasped the silver fetters upon his royal hands;

Then the Greek monarch, with a smile, rose from his seat and took—

No rage burned in his bosom—no chance upon his cheek.

Pleased with the shining silver, he wore his glittering chain,

And thanked his princely visitor, but never felt the stain That silver, more than iron, upon his soul had left,—

He felt as dead to honor, of manly shame bereft.

Not thou, alone, O Greeian, a silver chain hast worn,—Not thou, alone, weak monarch, a shameful bondage borne;

Pleased with their silver fetters, how many fear like thee Have worn the iron bondage—the chains of infamy!

Base slaves to base-born tyrants,—to station, power and gold,

Who with relentless grasping, both soul and body hold; Bereft of shame, and failure, the vicious king their chain, And bind their souls to Mammon, to world-love and gain.

And worse than all, feel never their watched, fettered state, But chained, and bound, and fettered, dream they are free and great!

And think not that a prison this great world may be, To souls who love their fetters, and with not to be free.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

The Heroine of Cumberland Valley.

BY MRS. M. R. ROBINSON.

For nearly twelve years the bold and courageous inhabitants of Cumberland Valley had been subjected to constant attacks—some of them of long duration and attended with disastrous consequences—from various Indian tribes in that part of Pennsylvania. These tribes, as well as others, particularly, persevered in hostile demonstrations, and were indefatigable in their endeavors to exterminate the settlers, who they regarded as intruders upon the rights of the red men. At the time of which we write, the population had increased to about seven hundred persons; one thousand men being in arms to protect the rest from savage fury.

Naturally desirous to bring about an amicable understanding with the Indians, Governor Blunet, in the year 1756, held a "grand talk" with several influential chiefs of both nations. They professed a willingness to live on friendly terms with their white neighbors and said that reconciliation was effected without much trouble; being brought about principally by two Christian women of distinction, who spoke so earnest in their protestations of amity that the settlers were completely deceived. The latter were delighted at the successful termination of the interview. Those who had been accustomed to going out only in large bodies, now walked about alone boldly, with no fear of their former wanderlusters, rejoicing greatly that the long night of war, with its attendant horrors, was about to be ended. He, who had sought for peace was arising upon them with healing in his wings. There was, however, among the dwellers in Cumberland Valley, a boy of fifteen, whose long experience had rendered familiar with Indian character; and three persons were wise enough to distrust present appearances, and to place but little reliance on the rumors concerning the pacific intentions of the savages, which daily reached their ears. They shook their heads gravely, and averred to many an incredulous listener that the Christian Greeks manifested too much eagerness to spread and confirm the report of their friendly intentions towards the whites.

"It's my opinion," said one of those veterans, whose name was Wilson, on the day when the order of Governor Blunet for disbanding the troops reached the valley, "it's my opinion the governor doesn't understand the nature of the Indians, and if my experience is worth any thing—and you know I've been acquainted with the habits of the redskins for a long time—it wont be a great while after he'll be sensible of the mistake which he has made."

"I am fully of your opinion," replied Major Buchanan, to whom their words were addressed. "Gov. Blunet has been fatally deceived, as the inhabitants of this peaceful valley may too soon learn to their cost. Look around you, Mr. Wilson, and tell me what you see."

The old man's eye wandered over the valley for a few moments in silence.

"I see," he answered, "many cabins, and the smoke curling quietly from their roofs; but that isn't all. I see also many half-civilized fields, with men and boys busily at work in them without any thought of danger, and as though peace had come in the real sitrnet. Now if Pocohontas doesn't stretch forth its hand to avert the danger, there wont be many of them cabins standing in a month's time."

"You express exactly my own feelings," replied the major; "and I confess that my mind is painfully agitated. The fighting men are now on their way to their homes at the different stations, stationed over Dauphin and Berkeley counties. Our station, which is nearest the point of danger is left unprotected. The country is belted into a fatal apathy by the pleasing lullaby sung by our wily enemies."

The conversation was interrupted at this point by the appearance of a very fine looking woman. In person she was rather above the ordinary proportions of her sex, but her remarkable symmetry of form, which was condemnded her for its peculiarity, providing it were in any manner considered unfitting to the highest development of feminine grace, but that she could not possibly be considered so handsome as others less strongly marked with the indices of a muscular character; but if ruddy cheeks, black eyes, and an expression of calm, quiet good humor could impart any degree of beauty, she possessed it amplicably here. This lady was Major Buchanan's wife.

The conversation which we have already given, it should be remarked, took place near the gate of what was then known as Buchanan's station, which the recent order of Gov. Blunet had deprived of its defenders. The good lady had spent a much longer portion of what had been said, for she appeared to be pleased, and remarked:

"Do not speak your fears, Mr. Wilson, in the ears of the more timid among us; for to some their fears would be to decrease our chance of escape. There is one thing that can save us, sir.

"If you know one thing that can save us, you have more than I do, sir, for I am now going up to my sixty-fifth year, and have seen all kinds of troubles with the Cherokees, Creeks, Shawnees and other kinds of painted rascals—but what, ma'am, without mensin' no disrespect to you or the major, I'd like to be informed what that one thing is that can save us?"

"Well, my good neighbor, I will tell you; and depend upon it, it has saved more than one life in Pocohontas. It is courage, friend Wilson," returned Mrs. Buchanan.

"Yes, that's an excellent thing where there's danger, but you know, ma'am, there's danger in the valley that it isn't greatly needed at present," said Wilson.

"There is something else that you did not mention in connection with courage," said the major to his wife and guest, "I mean prudence."

"True courage is always marked by prudence," she replied.

"You are right there, Mrs. Buchanan!" exclaimed the old man. "The real—genuine courage is none of your heading, bawlin' scamers, allfire a-tamin' into danger with no thought how to get out of it."

"Comfy," added Buchanan, "there are three 'of us; let us hold a council of war."

"War indeed, when there's nobody to fight," rejoined Wilson.

"The rangers have gone home, it is true, but you know there are several men left in the neighborhood who can handle a rifle with skill," said Mrs. Buchanan.

"If we could only induce them to see things in the right light," replied the major, "I say they will not, and that danger is the greatest which approaches without being suspected or feared."

"Well, Comfy, we have our talk, and the sooner there is more need of effort and direction on our part. You see that our friends now be in the right light," said the major, "and most of them design taking their wives and children to the stations for their safety, so great is their faith in the protestations of John Weiss, Anacacte and others—savage leaders in pay of the Indian Commissioners, who assure us these measures are as hollow as the winds. The station must not be abandoned. The women and children sleep on the valley side, and are passed a single night outside of the sheltering walls of the fort, for soon we shall hear the war-cry all along the valley. I have thought of an expedient that may perhaps avert in a measure the force of the blow that is destined to fall upon the white settlers. I shall endeavor to carry it into effect the moon capable of bearing arms to spend a few days at the station, and endeavor to keep them here while we are gone on our free hunting and devoted, and the country is again thoroughly alarmed. I am now going out among the neighbors to put my plan into effect."

With these words Mrs. Buchanan walked away from the station in fulfillment of her benevolent design, with the full approval of her husband, whom she had previously consulted in regard to the measure to be pursued. At the distance of half a mile from the fort, there was a small stream flowing from the adjacent hills, upon one side of which was a thicket of alders, while on the other there was a dense growth of maple, oak and elms. The stream was rendered narrow by a rough bridge of logs. Mrs. Buchanan had just crossed it and was hurrying forward, when, from the wood alluded to, there rushed upon her a tall, stalwart Indian. Her resolve, who sustained an unbalanced reputation for courage, was, notwithstanding, much alarmed. She apprehended that concealed under a head was an army of their red enemies, waiting only a signal from their leader in pounce upon the unprotected inhabitants of Cumberland Valley. She thought of her own children and loved ones, and for a moment stood paralyzed with an agony of fear which none but mothers may feel. The Indian advanced, and thus addressed her:

"I am called White Otter, and the white woman need not fear. I have not come to do you mischief—if I had, I should have come at the head of a great army; but no army is near. I am you look in the woods as though Indians were hidden there ready to rush with their tomahawks and destroy you. No, no! White Otter no come for that."

"Then why are you here?" asked Mrs. Buchanan, recovering her presence of mind.

"Some Cherokees have had a big council, and John Watts and Anacate were there, wearing gifts from the Spanish governor. They talked much, and made speeches about the people of this valley."

"Have they so soon forgotten their promises and compacts?" exclaimed our heroine, very indignantly.

"But man's memory short," said the Otter, lacoonically.

"False knaves! they have broken their faith even while they wear the medals which Washington gave them."

"I said so to Anacate, and he took off his and scraped it into the earth. The great war-council have planned a secret expedition, and mean to cut off all the whites at a single blow," resumed the chief.

"But where were you? Are you not a chief in the councils of the nations? Did you not also receive honors and little from the president?" resumed the lady, with warmth.

White Otter opened his hunting-shirt and displayed a medal, covered with various significant and characteristic devices.

"Why, ma'am?" cried Mrs. Buchanan, "is wear that and be called a General," (for Washington had bestowed upon White Otter the title of General) "and then prove a traitor to the trust placed in you by Washington!"

The red man frowned.

"I may be traitor," he said, "does me injustice. I spoke in the council and reproached the leaders of the expedition for their hypocrisy; for the Great Spirit is not pleased with deceit. I taunted them till they were angry and called me the white man's friend. Since the council broke up I have been watched, and it has been with great trouble that I could come here without being suspected. Anacate and John Watts are laughing at force, and it was chiefly through their means that these deceitful peace rumors were spread over the country, deceiving the governor and causing him to send away the rangers. I have come to warn you of the danger, for I have taken pity on the white woman, and did not wish her to perish. Do not betray me. I have no more to say."

"Stay, White Otter, and the warning shall not be lost. I have heard that you scorned to kill women and children, and now I believe it. In time to come the name of White Otter shall be spoken with reverence by descendants of the white nation; for do you not perceive that the white country will finally pass into the hands of the pale faces?"

"Yes, white woman, yes," said the chief, with a sigh. "Everything I see and hear tells me so. The various tribes of red men will be scattered, as the winds scatter the dried leaves. The name of the Cherokee will pass away as a cloud, before the rising sun of the white man's prosperity. The great Spirit has willed it so. Only their fame will remain, and even that will perish after a season."

Mrs. Buchanan made no immediate rejoinder, for she perceived that the Indian's chest was heaving, and his feelings were touched.

"When will the army under Anacate and Watts attack us?" she asked, at length, in a hopeless tone.

"Don't know—don't know," he replied, almost freely. "I am no traitor, white woman. Go and provide for your safety as best you can. I can do no more for you."

Mrs. Buchanan was turning away, when he continued:

"Stop! here—take this, and when you see the men who carry hatchets and knives, show it, and they will not molest you or your."

While the Otter was speaking, he took a belt of wampum from his waist, and cast it at her feet.

"Stay, I will not take your wampum. I will run my risk with my friends and neighbors," she replied, hoarsely.

A shower of displeasure passed over the face of the Indian.

"You have children," he said, folding his arms upon his chest.

"O yes, I will give it to my little daughter, who is the humanest child living. Farewell, the man who is faithful to Washington—trust it to her."

I can stay no longer; betray me not, but my name be remembered with contempt by my people. When you look out from your cabin over Cumberland Valley in a red blaze, recall what I have said."

The chieftain turned and disappeared. Mrs. Buchanan picked up the wampum, and sped on her mission.

She discovered, however, that her task was not easy one. The settlers, wearied out with previous alarms and fighting, and earnestly desiring peace, were quite ready to imagine that all was already come, and that danger was now really before them. It may be asked why Mrs. Buchanan did not tell them what had passed between herself and the chief. We answer, because the effect would have been quite different from what she wanted to produce—for each, seeing there was no organized force among them, would consider destruction inevitable, and assume to fly to some other part of the country for safety. Such a general, helter-skelter flight would have been as fatal as the descent of the enemy in its results, inasmuch as they could easily be slain by their watchful foes, and without any resistance.

Mrs. Buchanan, knowing the prevailing feeling among the inhabitants, did not deem it wise to alarm them, and so, with his wife's co-operation, received upon the plan which has been stated. Both labored hard to man the fort, but only succeeded to a very limited extent; for after the expiration of three days spent in consumed anxiety, a dozen men were all they could muster; and they were beginning to say but a few days, being almost wholly ignorant of the major's suspicions, and of the dangers that menaced them.

Beside the men mentioned, there were about a dozen women and children gathered at the station. Anxious nights were those which followed, so the brave Mrs. Buchanan. Sentinels were posted, and three persons watched with fearful anxiety to hear the war-cry of the Creek and Cherokee.

That night, feeling restless and anxious, the major and his wife remained up, walking about the fort, examining the arms and casting searching glances through the port-holes.

While thus employed, Mrs. Buchanan's eyes fell upon an old blunderbuss of ample size, quite rusty, and evidently long out of duty; she also loaded with her own hand, putting in a handful of rifle balls. Just after midnight, when the sentinels were getting sleepy, the horses were heard clattering in a great pasie to the fort; the Indians were driving them in for the purpose of defending the whites with the idea that only a small party of horse stealers were at hand. At that moment the sentinel fired and rushed in with the cry that the savages were in sight. Now ensued a scene of terror that would have proved fatal to all of the station, had it not been for the major and his heroic wife, who succeeded in arousing them to activity by their own fearless footing, and encouraging words.

The blows of the enemy, already falling on the gate, admonished them to action. Springing to the port-holes, every one who could level a gun, greeted the assailants with a shot. While encouraging the men, Mrs. Buchanan saw the blunderbuss she had loaded had not been fired, so charged, and giving it to a stout Irishman, bade him fire it at once by trying it on down the gate. He did so with excellent effect, and loaded again, pulling trigger with mechanical precision when the others did; but unluckily it proved, not withstanding which the innocent Hibernian continued to load, putting one charge upon another, giving us in this manner until Mrs. B. came round again.

"Here, Patrick," she said, pointing to a cluster of Indians, making another determined sally upon the gate; "here is a capital chance for you to display your skill."

"And for Christ's sake!" cried the Irishman, in the right thing, ma'am. Now by the piper that played after the rats, I'll show ye how they do it in the auld country."

And sure enough honest Patrick showed how it was done, for at the second shot the foe was seen to the opposite side of the fort, flat on his back.

"Ah, that is a smart gun," said Pat, scrambling to his feet, "I'll do it both ends."

But his shot sold well upon the country, for the next morning John Watts was found leaning against the gate pierced by many bullets, stark and cold, having probably expired on the death from the blunderbuss.

The settlers, though with undaunted courage until the bullets began to fall; and then a murmur of despair was heard. At that crisis our heroine appeared with a firm supply, and was greeted with cheers of enthusiasm. She had cast them by the aid of several other women, during the night, the bullets of the foes were soon revived, and they poured forth their destructive volleys with such rapidity, that after two hours and a half of hard fighting, the enemy retired with a yell of disappointment; and thus was Cumberland Valley saved from utter destruction. Had Buchanan's station been taken, all that part of the country would have been given to the hatchet and the devouring flame. The attack was most disastrous to the Indians, for, to their foes, for they left many of their best warriors on the field. When they learned the number of persons constituting the garrison, they could scarcely credit it, and were greatly mortified.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A WISH.

BY MAY MARY N. LEVY.

O, my heart had learned to know
The fearful depths of human woe,
Ere friends I love have pouted mirror,
Trusted, purchaser, for long years through,
While life is glad as spring's warm breath,
I'd yield it to the angel Death!

Ere I have taught my heart doubt,
With words of friendliness to shout,
And schemed my fear to wear a smile,
When my heart counted that one vile,
O, let me die! And o'er my tomb
The flowers of love forever bloom!

I would not live to find Hope's gleam
But the wild fancy of a wilder dream;
I would not live to see upon
The cold form of each dear loved one;
To live, and know myself to be
The last leaf on a dying tree!

For O, to lay there in the tomb,
With all the silence and dread gloom,
Were not so hard as to see most
One whom we loved, as strangers meet;
The living dead,—O, worse by far,
Than real death and funerals are!

Yes, let me die, ere friends grow cold,
Ere hearts that beat with mine of old
Shall into all kindred hopes be dead,
And yet doomed to be near me still;
While hope is alive, ere life turns green,
I would lay me down in the silent tomb.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CAPTAIN'S PASSAGE.

A STARTLING EPISODE OF OCEAN LIFE.

A Sketch from an old Shipmaster's Log-book.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

In the spring of 1836 my ship was lying at Diamond Point, on the river Hooghly, where I was receiving a cargo from Calcutta. One day, after my cargo was nearly all on board, I went on shore to spend an afternoon and evening with a party of English officers. Just after supper, while the wine and the wit were flowing in abundance, I was seized with a sudden faintness, and with a whipping brain I took to the door. I remembered nothing more until the next morning. At that time I found myself in a comfortable bed, with an old English physician by my side; but I was so weak and exhausted that I could speak but with difficulty. My whole frame was seemingly palsied, and a hot, suffocating sensation pervaded my head. On the following afternoon I again took my departure, and what reason next visited me I was informed that I had been sick over a week. My fever expressed with me to be conveyed on board my ship, but the old doctor would listen to no such thing. He told me that I had the most malignant form of an Indian fever, and that he never saw would be pure death; and he furthermore conveyed to me the disagreeable intelligence that it would be three weeks, at least, before I could leave my bed.

I knew that my owners were very anxious that their cargo should be delivered as speedily as possible, and I dared not have the ship remain for my recovery, so I sent for the supercargo and mate, and after a short conference—for I was too weak to hold a long one—it was arranged that the mate should take charge of the ship and start as one for home. I supposed there would be plenty of chances for me to get a passage to the United States when I should have recovered, so I gave myself no uneasiness on that score. My ship sailed, and I was left in charge of the English physician, who proved himself a whole-souled man and a friend. It was a month before I could get out of doors, and even then I could not walk without support; but after this I gained rapidly, and in a month more I was quite strong again. In fact, I thought I felt better than I had for a year previous.

As soon as I was able to be out I began to look about me for the purpose of securing a passage home. There were several ships at the Point, but they were all going around to Canton, and thus three weeks passed away without any sign of the chance I sought. At length I learned that there was a Spanish brig down at Ranguella which was bound for the Mediterranean, and knowing that if I could be landed at Gibraltar I could easily get a passage from thence, I resolved to go down and see the captain of the brig. To this end I hired a boatman to take me down the river, and having got all my luggage together I set off. I had been big acquainted of the northern point of Sugar Island. Her captain was a Spaniard, but spoke the English language well. He was a tall, gaunt-looking man with the strangest black eye I ever saw. It seemed to be a cold, icy eye, shooting forth sharp rays of light that possessed a sort of freezing power. I asked him if he was bound for the Mediterranean, and he told me yes. I then asked him if he could give me a passage as far as Gibraltar, at the same time stating the circumstances under which I had been left behind by my ship. At first he was unwilling to answer me. After thinking for a few moments he called some of his officers one side and conversed with them in a tone too low for me to hear; yet I could see that the discussion was quite animated, and that there were differences of opinion upon the subject. At length the conference broke up, and

"What is your name?" he asked, very coolly, and as the same time spring one sharply.

"John Barclay," returned I.

"Well, Mr. Barclay, do you think you can keep a secret?"

"I think I have followed the sea long enough to understand the value of such a trait as this," returned I, without hesitation.

"Well, then," returned he, "I will tell you that I am sometimes lay ourselves liable to the penalties of the revenue laws."

"Smugglers," said I.

"Yes—exactly," responded he, with a sort of cold smile shoot the corners of his mouth. "We do considerable in that line, and you must of course know that we wouldn't stop at any ordinary measures to secure ourselves against betrayal."

I well knew the meaning of that remark—I knew that my life would answer for my secrecy; but I had determined to go, and I would not now be put back. I had laid no long journey upon my ears, and as there was likely to be no other chance for some time to come, I resolved to take up with the present one at all hazards. If they could turn a penny by smuggling, and were willing to run all the risks, why, it was none of my business. I was not defaulting, nor my government. So I told the captain I would go with him, and pay him what was right. My luggage was accordingly brought on board, and I was allowed a berth in the cabin. I could see that there was some dissatisfaction on the part of the other officers, but they yielded to the decision of their commander.

On the following morning the brig got underweigh and passed out through the eastern channel. She was a staunch craft, of about three hundred tons burden, with a raised quarter-deck, and with no house upon it. Her cabin was well furnished and had six berths,—the captain and three of his officers took up four of them; I took the fifth, and the other officers occupied. The brig's crew consisted of about forty men, more than half of whom came on board after I had taken my berth. They were stout, rough looking fellows, though they would compare well with the average of ship's crews. The mate, I presume I found to be Modiego, and I never before, nor have I since, witnessed such perfect discipline as there was on board that brig. Modiego could speak with his eye, and I never saw a man disobey them.

On the third day out I found that some of the crew were making arrangements to set up the cook's range in the fore-peak, and after the military implements were all removed thither, the galley, which had been standing amidships, was taken to pieces. This movement was of course strange to me, but there was a stranger one in store. This galley had a floor to it, and when this floor was removed I saw a number of bars of iron, in the centre of which was a massive steel pivot. Once or twice I found Modiego's eye fixed searchingly upon me, but I had learn to read my emotions in my face he was much mistaken, for few men possess more control over their features than I do. The fact was, that I had noticed the captain's look, for it placed me on my guard.

After the deck was cleared of the last vestige of the galley, sheers were rigged over the main hatch, and in half an hour afterwards a long, heavy iron gun had been hoisted out from the hold and placed upon the afore-mentioned pivot.

"We smugglers need something for protection," quietly remarked the captain, as he approached me after the gun was rigged.

"O, certainly," said I, with a smile. "I wondered before that I saw no implements for such a purpose."

Modiego gave me a searching look, but he found nothing but honesty in my countenance.

"Yes," he answered, "we are obliged to be prepared for emergencies, for our's is a dangerous business."

I believed him! And I began to wish that I had not been in quite so much of a hurry to secure my passage. But it was too late now—I had forced myself into the plight, and I had only to make the best of it. Of course I had begun to think that my companions were men who smuggled at both ends of the navigation—the revenue was not the only institution against which their hands were raised.

For fourteen days the brig kept on her course to the south'rd and west'rd, and during that time I had been on very fair terms with the officers, though none of them seemed inclined to be familiarity. Once or twice I thought the captain seemed inclined to make some overture to me, but whatever may have been his design he failed to keep it to himself. On the morning of the fifteenth day I heard an unusual bustle upon deck, and on going up I found the brig was backed and been taken from the long gun, and that the men were bringing small arms up from below. Modiego was at the starboard rail with a telescope to his eye. I looked in the direction indicated by his glass and saw a ship not more than four or five miles distant. She was evidently a large merchman, and bound up the ocean. Modiego at length lowered his glass, and as he turned he saw me.

"Ah—Mr. Barclay," he said, showing not the least hesitation, "you had better go below, for we are likely to have business that may not be agreeable to you."

This order was not to be mistaken, and simply bowing an acquiescence, I turned and went back to the cabin. I will not attempt to tell what were my feelings as I sat down looking over some I know now that I had taken passage in a pirate, and I only wondered that I had been allowed so to do; but I subsequently learned, from a conversation that I overheard, that Modiego had allowed me to remain on board through fear that I might be set down on shore in some pilgrim spinkum him if he sees me off. It seemed that he feared that if I told the officers on shore of his refusal to take me, they might, in some way, subject him to an examination, as boat. So he thought it best to take me, and, if I was likely to prove a dangerous passenger, dispose of me in a method peculiar to individuals of their profession.

When I reached the cabin I seated myself near the table and awaited the result. My feelings were various and changing. I had sorrow, disappointment, regret, and anger, though I felt that the latter emotion was the most prominent. In fifteen minutes I felt the shock of our long gun. Then I heard again—and yet, I thought, I heard the voice of Captain Modiego as he called away his boarders. All was now hustle over my head. I heard the rattle of the small arms as they were being distributed, and the clashing of the grappling chains as they were dragged over the deck. Next I felt a shock that came nigh throwing me from my seat—and I knew that the vessels had come together. I expected to have heard loud, fiendish yells of rover, but in this I was mistaken. I heard Modiego give his order for boarding, and then I heard the sharp cracking of musketry. Now my blood was up, and at the head of a dozen good men I would have attacked the pirates with a good relish. I could hear the groans of those who were wounded, and now that the boarders had boarded the retreats of subordination, I could hear the yell of the pirates. But the conflict soon ceased, and then I knew that the pirates were overhauling the ship's cargo.

At the end of two hours the ship was allowed to proceed on her way, and shortly afterwards Modiego was assisted down into the cabin by two of his officers. He had received a musket ball in his right leg, which had not been the dock until he had seen the ship off.

"I shall soon get over it," I heard him say, as his bearers laid him upon a sofa. And then noticing me, he added, "Ah, Barclay, wish you'd go on deck and lend a hand at unwing away some of our poor chaps who have been served with the same sauce I've got. We had a sharp fight, but 'twas a hard one. Then Tarquin's men were more damage with their muskets than I could have believed. But they suffered for it. San Pedro's last this thing here."

I longed not to hear more, or to make any answer to what I had heard, but hastened as soon as I could, where I found some part of the crew engaged in lowering various boxes and bales into the hold, while near the wheel I saw several men with sacks upon their backs, and I knew to be filled with specie. On forward I found the dead and wounded, and of course I knew what relation the former bore to those allegiance they had left the poor wretches, and yet I did it with a bad grace, for their mouths were filled with coarse oaths and curses, and their faces were under the torture. There were five of the pirates killed, and eight of them badly wounded. But those wounded men were those that thought themselves the pick of the lions they had sunnained, for they had taken over several thousand dollars of ready money, and large quantity of valuable merchandise.

From this time forth I resolved to bring the matter to a speedy conclusion, and, if I was a dubious hope, but yet I cherished it. I was alone against two score of hardened villains, and I was not ignorant of my danger. I had, moreover, I knew that most of them distrusted me. It was at this time that I heard the conversation between the captain and Modiego, and I learned that I had been allowed to take a passage in the brig with the probability that I should be put ashore at Gibraltar.

Modiego had had the ball extracted from his thigh, but the wound threatened to be a dangerous one. He was in a feverish, and there was every appearance of mortification. But yet he lingered on for two months without having the amputation, which was to be attributed the fact that the pirates attacked no other vessels. During this time I was treated with very marked courtesy, the sneaking up of some plan by which to carry out my wishes, and at length I hit upon the only thing that seemed to lay within the range of possibility.

We were now in the vicinity of the Cape de Verde, and I knew that my chance must be if it done it must be done quickly, for I felt sure that the plan of painting an end to my life was freely discussed and quietly contemplated by the crew. At length the time for my trial came, and I had fully resolved to stake my life in the hazard. I had long been of the opinion that I should have to arise on the water that came in with a westerly wind; but it did not prevent me from getting up the long gun and the sacks, which found us to be in latitude 14 degrees 46 minutes north, and the longitude 18 degrees west. I was standing on directly opposite Cape Verde, and not far from fifty miles distant. By two o'clock the weather though none of the signs of a gale were visible in the southward. At four o'clock there were some indications of a storm, and the officers were all on deck, and I was alone in the cabin and heard the captain enlarge. In a small chest lashed under the table were two spare compasses, one extra pile was put in the binnacle. The compass I took out. It had a copper bowl, and the rim that held the glass top was fastened on by screws. I took off the rim of and took out the cock. Then I concealed the small box in which the whole being beneath my bedding, keeping only the card and glass. She was coming on very hard the night I knew would be nearly due north, so I swung the cock round until the magnetic point was directly under that point of the compass and adjusted by N. W. by W. This brought the north point of the compass to the south, and I had to have my brig to be injured by that compass as I had fixed it, and her head kept where the compass indicated the first, and the south point was under the E. I secured the needle to the card again by means of a little wax, and having placed it back in the bowl and screwed down the rim again, I had the whole once more in my bed.

And now the most difficult part of the task was to come. I must exchange compasses in the binnacle; and how was this to be done when the helmsman's eye was never off from the spot? But my life had been pledged, and I took courage; and I should have surely failed had not a lucky idea come to my assistance. I took the compass from my berth and put it back into the chest from whence I had first taken it, and then I nervously waited for the moment when I could carry out my desperate design.

The night came on dark and early. Not a star was to be seen, and the sky looked full of mystery and evil. As soon as it was fairly dark I possessed myself of a small, single block I found in the sieve-boxes, and then I moved cautiously down the deck—my where to escape observation. At eight o'clock the watch was changed, but before the off-watch went below my hand. I heard the rattle of the small arms as they were being distributed, and the clashing of the grappling chains as they were dragged over the deck. Next I felt a shock that came nigh throwing me from my seat—and I knew that the vessels had come together. I expected to have heard loud, fiendish yells of rover, but in this I was mistaken. I heard Modiego give his order for boarding, and then I heard the sharp cracking of musketry. Now my blood was up, and at the head of a dozen good men I would have attacked the pirates with a good relish. I could hear the groans of those who were wounded, and now that the boarders had boarded the retreats of subordination, I could hear the yell of the pirates. But the conflict soon ceased, and then I knew that the pirates were overhauling the ship's cargo.

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"Stand by the braces!" shouted the officer; and as he gave the order I could see the dusky forms of the men as they moved through the thick darkness.

I crept as near to the binnacle as possible without being noticed, and there awaited my opportunity. The top of the binnacle was in the form of a pyramid, so that the glass was exposed to view, and that might chance to fall from a point above it. Just as the men commenced to move the braces, I poised the block that I had secured, and aimed it at the top of the binnacle. I was sure of my mark, and I let it go. I heard a crashing of the glass, and on the next instant I felt the block come down literally overturning with curses.

"What's the matter?" asked the captain, who had been awakened by the rumpus.

"Some lubber left a loose tail-block aloft, and it fell upon the binnacle, and smashed in the glass," returned the officer, as he stooped down to get at one of the compasses in the chest.

"Find out who left it there, and have him put in irons," said Modiego.

I looked out from my berth and saw the mate take the compass I had altered. I knew he would take that one, for the other would not fit the binnacle. I went up after him. The compass was placed in the binnacle, and the pyramid top was turned so as to bring aside with a whole plate next to the wheel, the broken part having been covered up.

"San Jago, how the wind has backed!" muttered the officer of the watch, as he looked at the new compass. "Here we are clear way round to the west'rd! Jump to the braces! Port the tacks! Let loose!—round in!"

"It has changed," said the helmsman, as he threw the wheel over.

"Let her be steady as north."

"Steady it is. You're up."

"Belay all!"

And all was accordingly belayed. According to the compass the wind was now southwest, and the brig was heading due north; but the fact was the wind was nearly west by north, and then the brig headed northwest by east!

It was now half-past eight, and the brig was running off ten knots clear. As soon as I had seen my plan thus begun to work, I went below and turned in; but I did not sleep. I lay there in my berth listening to the blowing of the wind. At midnight, when the first watch was relieved, the officer of the deck reported the wind blow as steady, and that the brig was *running it off finely!* Yes it was busy, and no stars could be seen.

At four o'clock I went on deck, and I knew in an instant that we were near land. I could tell by the peculiar feeling of the atmosphere, for it felt less in chill, and was becoming more dull and warm. Yet the pirates mistrusted nothing. The mid-watch had been relieved and gone below, and I would be nearly an hour before daylight could open its windows upon the true state of the vessel.

I was now more nervous than ever, but yet I had a hope that the brig would strike before daylight. I went below, and having secured my ill-preserver under my arms, I once more got into my berth. I had been there perhaps fifteen minutes, when I heard a loud shout on deck, quickly followed by an order from the officer of the watch to man the starboard braces and down with the helm. But they were too late; for just as the men began to move towards the braces the brig struck. She leaped at first, like a frightened thing, then she struggled as a wounded monster upon the plant sand—and then she keeled over like a thing that had lost its life. While others were running for the deck I made a shout on deck, quickly followed by an order from the officer of the watch to man the starboard braces and down with the helm. But they were too late; for just as the men began to move towards the braces the brig struck. She leaped at first, like a frightened thing, then she struggled as a wounded monster upon the plant sand—and then she keeled over like a thing that had lost its life. While others were running for the deck I made a shout on the cabin windows, which I threw open and then leaped out into the sea. I swam several minutes before, finding bottom, I was forced to touch the bottom, I commenced to walk, and in a few moments I was on the shore. I was cast upon the island adjacent to the southward of Fort St. Louis, so I turned to the right and hurried off to the southward. I could hear the cries of the pirates for a time, while, but as length I got clear of the din, I knew they could never get their vessel off without a wholly crippling her, so I had no fear of their speedy escape.

At daylight I found I was on the seaward side of a vast ridge of sand, and I determined to go to the top of this ridge and take an observation. When I got up there I saw a deep, wide river over upon the other side that ran nearly parallel with the coast. This I at once knew to be the Senegal. Behind me I could just see the brig, and on about I saw a glimpse of something that looked like buildings. So I pushed on, and by about 7 o'clock I reached Fort St. Louis, some friendly Foulah rowings me to the island, and once made my statement to the French governor of the fort, and he has sent a company of sentry five soldiers to accompany me back. We reached the brig about four o'clock in the afternoon. The pirates had begun to get my luggage on board, the was nowhere near floating. We boarded the vessel by means of canoes that had been brought around by the Foulahs, and through the pirates made a desperate resistance, yet they were captured without much spilling of blood. They had discovered the trick I had played on them with the compass, and, as may be supposed, I was the recipient of any quantity of threats and curses.

But they had no more power to harm me. They were tried by the French authorities of St. Louis all were condemned to spend their lives, and in one month afterwards I obtained passage in a French barque to Gibraltar, and from thence I came home in the ship "Farewell" to New York.

This ended my *Passage*, and though I often take pleasure in thinking how I conquered my enemies, and also in relating the incidents to my friends, yet I should prefer that the next passage of the kind should be undertaken by some less humble myself.

The difference between these when the world esteems as good, and those whom it condemns as bad, is in many cases that the former have been better sheltered from temptation.—*Davies.*

Jester's Picnic.

"Mrs. Spriggs, will you be helped to a small piece of the turkey?"

"Yes, my dear Mr. Wilkins, I will."

"What part would you prefer, my dear Mrs. Spriggs?"

"I will have a couple of the wings, a couple of the legs, some of the breast, the side bone, some filling and a few dumplings—and I feel very unwell to-day!"

Wilkins fainted.

An Irishman, who was near-sighted, and about to take a journey, stated that he should count six paces nearer to his antagonist, then the latter did to him, and they were both to fire at the same time. This broke Curran's telling a fat man who was going to fight a thin one, that the latter's slim figure ought to be chalked on the other's capacity person, and if he hitted his slim outside of the line, it was to go for nothing.

A young American having spoken an appointment with Doctor Franklin, came to him the following day, and made a very handsome apology for his absence. He was proceeding, when the doctor stopped him with:

"My good boy, say no more, you have said too much already; for the man who is good at making an excuse is seldom good as anything else."

A negro boy being sent by his master to borrow a gridiron for a dinner a neighbor, thus delivered his message:

"Mass Thomson, mass sent me over to borrow or to beg a pound of hog tallow; he say he can't do any ting to do on Jim Kimmity; he gwine to kill her day before yesterday, and he come over week fore last, and pay you all you own us."

"A new actor," says an English paper, "who delivered brilliant success last night as the Various, killed himself recently by swallowing laudanum in mistake for brandy, for which he had unfortunately acquired a taste while on the metropolitan boards. To prevent mistakes, we must add that the unfortunate actor was a monkey."

Molly, what letter of the alphabet do you like the best?

"Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Jackson."

"Why, Molly, what's the matter?"

"Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Jackson." (Looking down and dropping her eyes), I like vow (U) the best."

The man up in Delhi, thirty-eight years old, who has been in the barrer ever since, says that Santa Anna, if he persists in his struggle against Texas, will be taken up by the officers of the Bonpartes, and be excluded from the navigation of the Amazon sea.

"Sonny, do you know your letters?"

"Yes, I know 'em."

"Possible! what are they?"

"Well, there's the A, and the B."

"Smart boy; go to the tub and wet your hair."

"Ah, mamma, I don't want to wet my brain."

Parson Brownlee gave notice the other day in his paper that he should, on the following Sabbath, preach a sermon on "Human Depravity," and should preach it in the forenoon by the Bible, and second by the people of Knoxville, the place where he lives.

"The blackbird whistles for his dinner just like myself," said the Brahman to his companion.

"Why, how, Bill?" inquired the other.

"Why, you spaloon, don't you see that when he whistles he's calling for his mate."

A showman at Cincinnati, in describing the curiosities of Egypt and Arabia, mentioned an elephant in his collection, secured the spectators his, amongst other habits of cleanliness, he invariably *picked his teeth with his tusks*, after meals.

The latest style of fashionable pantaloons in New York is described by a Knickerbocker, thus: with the cards of Heidelberg in dark blue, on one leg, and Mount Vesuvius vomiting forth fire on the other.

A man in Cuthbert, under sentence of death by hanging, asked the sheriff the evening previous to his execution:

"I say, sheriff, at what hour is that little affair of mine to come off?"

The latest case of absence of mind is related by a Philadelphia paper of a great Quaker. After administering the oath to a beautiful woman, instead of kissing the Bible, he pressed his fact and said, "Now kiss the book?"

"I believe the jury have been incubated with stupidity," said a lawyer.

"Yes, sir," said his opponent, "but the late are of the opinion that you had it the natural way."

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